

H Y M N S

A N D

SPIRITUAL SONGS.

Composed, Collected, and Published

BY THE

Rev. JOHN MATTLOCK,

Minister of the GOSPEL. *W*



L O N D O N :

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EXPLANATION

OF THE

BRITISH MUSEUM

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LONDON. Printed for the Rev. JOHN MATLOCK, Preacher of the Gospel.



EXPLANATION

OF THE

FRONTISPIECE.

THE Frontispiece is a Parable of Jehovah's great Work of Regeneration, or the Revealing of Christ in a contrite Heart, the Hope of Glory, or the New-Birth.

The First represents the Glory of the great Jehovah infinitely delighting himself in his Son, our Lord Jesus Christ; and it is called the Love of God, 1 John iv. 16. God is Love.

The second Person in the blessed Trinity is represented to stand on the Love of God, and in Pity looking down upon the Heart of Man. The Eye of the Lord is upon

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them that fear him. In his right Hand
is the great Arrow of God's Convictions,
wounding the Heart by the Holy Ghost. He
shall convince the World of Sin. John
xvi. 8. They were pricked in their
Hearts. Acts ii. 37. The Arrows of
the Almighty are within me. Job vi. 4.
In the left Hand of Jesus is the Cuse of the
Oil of almighty Grace, continually pouring
into the Heart, and healing the Wounds
that Satan and Sin has made.

From these Blessings of the Most High,
the contrite Heart sendeth up unto God a
continual sweet-smelling Sacrifice, which ri-
seth up to God as a Flame, and is called a
broken Spirit. Psalm li. 17. The contrite
Heart is held up by the Chain of divine
Life, by a living Faith, and a good Hope
through Grace in Christ. The Just shall
live by Faith. Rom. i. 17. Faith is re-
presented as holding the Cross of Christ in
her

THE FRONTISPIECE. . . v

her right Hand, and looking back as on the Lamb slain from the Foundation of the World, and seeing Things past as though it were now done. And unto these great Truths of the Gospel she beareth up the Chain of the divine Life with her left Hand; as though she should say to the contrite Heart, Come taste and see how good the Lord is. Hope is represented (as in Rom. viii. 24. for we are saved by Hope) as chearfully looking on the good Things of God, as for present Grace and eternal Glory, And as with his right Hand he beareth up the Chain of the divine Life of the new-born Soul, unto the Promises of God which are in Christ Jesus, and received the Promise of the Spirit through Faith, Gal. iii. 14. So the Anchor in his left Hand sheweth the new-born Soul dependeth on Christ alone for Grace here and Glory hereafter.

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Grief of Soul is represented as in deep Meditation and Contemplation, with her Eyes shut to the Things of this World, and opened to the Things of God; which brings penitential Tears from the Eyes. The Thorns in her right Hand sheweth Self-Examination and Soul-Affliction; the which, as so many Thorns, pricketh and scourgeth the contrite Heart for its Omissions and Ingratitude to so loving a Saviour. From this ariseth the Fear of the Lord which is the Beginning of Wisdom. And this Fear is represented as with his right Hand holding and piercing into the Heart the Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, Ephes. vi. 17. and sheweth a Fear of offending so loving a Saviour. To flee from Evil, is what we should always have in view; and, while we have Time, we are to do good unto all Men, especially the Household of Faith.

P R E-

(vii)
P R E F A C E.

JESUS of *Nazareth*, the Son of the living God, hath taught us by his Example, and by his holy Word; the singing of Hymns; for in the Night that he was betrayed, and after Supper, they sung an Hymn, *Matt. xxvi.*

So then we may see that the singing of Hymns were patronized, and taught, and left for us to follow, by our great High-Priest, *who is holy, harmless, and undefiled, separate from Sinners, and made higher than the Heavens.*

Now therefore, Brethren, when we do meet together, to commemorate the dying Love of our dear Lord Jesus, and to shew forth his Death: I say, we are then

to make use of the singing of Psalms and Hymns, or spiritual Songs, to the Praise and Glory of him who hath loved us and gave himself for us. For behold this our Jesus is the Lion of the Tribe of Judah; the Root of *David* hath prevailed to open the Book, and loosed the seven Seals thereof, to the spiritual Poor and the spiritual Maimed, and the Halt and Blind. Now therefore let as many as are spiritually-minded join with these in the *Revelations*, ch. v. 9. as it is said, *They sung a new Song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the Book, and to open the seven Seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy Blood, out of every Kindred, and Tongue, and People, and Nation.* For it is chiefly for you who are spiritually-minded, that I have now set forth this Book of Hymns, and for your

P R E F A C E.

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your Use who are the Fruits of my Labour in the Lord.

I have now published them for you to use them in your worshipping of the Lord; in Public, as in the House of God, at the Word, and at the Sacraments; and in private, as in your Houses, and in your Families, and in your worldly Employments, and in your own Hearts; as it is said in Col. iii. 16. *Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all Wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, Hymns, and spiritual Songs, singing with Grace in your Hearts unto the Lord.* Though your Warfare is great, and should Afflictions come on you, whether from Men without in the World, or Temptations within, yet let the Word of Christ dwell in your Hearts: And though you suffer for Christ, his Gospel, or his Glory, remember *Paul* and

and *Silas*, when they were in Trouble for Christ, they sung Praises unto the Lord Jesus; and he heard their spiritual Songs, and answered their Wants by a great Earthquake; and those who were Prisoners for Christ's sake, by the almighty Power of our King Jesus, were set at Liberty. And is it so with any of you? Are you afflicted, reviled, and persecuted? Or do they say all manner of Evil against you falsely for Christ's sake? Then think on these Men, and their Deliverance, and hear what your Lord says, Matt. v. 12. *Rejoice, and be exceeding glad; for great is your Reward in Heaven.* Now where there is Joy and exceeding Gladness, surely there is Cause for singing of Hymns of Praises unto the Lord; for there is exceeding Joy in Heaven and exceeding Gladness in Heaven, and there are singing of Hymns
and

and spiritual Songs in Heaven. So that to begin this great Work on Earth with Grace in our Hearts, is the Will of God done in us as it is in Heaven. So then let your Conversation be in Heaven, to join with all that ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, yea join you with every Creature in Heaven, saying, *Blessing, and Honour, and Glory, and Power, be unto him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever, Amen.*

And now then I give a Word unto them that are seeking the Kingdom of the Grace of Christ to dwell in your Hearts, and in you to destroy the Works of the Devil. *For this Purpose the Son of God is made manifest, that he might destroy the Works of the Devil.* And except the Kingdom of the Grace of Christ is within you, to cast out Satan and heal your Wounds

xii P R E F A C E.

Wounds of Sin, you can never wear a Crown of Glory. Now if you are seeking the Kingdom of the Grace of Christ, it is not a dead Faith, or dry Profession in outward Ceremonies or carnal Ordinances ; but it is a living Faith in the Blood of Jesus : And in the Use of them now, as you profess to seek this Kingdom, mind what you are doing, that you fall not upon the Covenant of dead Works, as the foolish *Galatians* did, who began in the Spirit, to end in the Flesh ; for it is one thing to set out, but another to hold out seeking the Grace of Christ. But do you remember *Lot's* Wife. Therefore put away from you foolish Thoughts, vain Jestings, and your idle Words and carnal Songs ; for our Lord saith, they shall give an Account for every idle Word in the great Day, when God shall appear to judge the

the

the World. And it is a Shame to hear the Songs that have been made by the Instigation or Help of the Devil: I say, it is a Shame to hear them sung in the Habitations, and by the Consent of any that are called Christians. For do you think that that Body that is the Temple of the Holy Ghost, can at the same Time with carnal Joy be the Habitation of Devils? Or what Communication hath Darknes with Light? Now a Man whose Head is filled with carnal Songs, is the Servant of him that helps to make them, that is the Devil. But the Kingdom of the Grace of Christ is the spiritual Light of Man; and in the Children of Light it bringeth forth the Fruits of the Holy Spirit, as in *Gal. v. 22.* which is divine Love to that forever blessed Three in One that beareth *Record in Heaven, the Father, the Word, and Ho-*

ly Ghost. These Three are one God. And this divine Love in them bringeth forth heavenly Joy: In which is Faith, and Patience, and Perseverance. In this Love they rejoyce, and sing Psalms, and Hymns, and spiritual Songs, with these Graces in their Hearts unto the Lord.

But it is not so with the Children of this World, who are of the Prince of the Power of the Air. While they are in a State of Darknes, they cannot comprehend or understand the Things of God; for God is divine Light, and Man in a natural State is Darknes, for it is said, *Darknes comprehended it not*; and these Children of Darknes are Haters of Light, Haters of this blessed three-one God, and, like the old Serpent, their Souls feed upon the soft Athes of Mens Inventions, and Works of Darknes, which are the frequenting of Playhouses;

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by which Means many a one falls into Adultery, Fornication, and Uncleanness; which Things bring Men to the worst of Idolatry, even to worship their own brutal Lusts, and to forsake the only true God; and this Idolatry farther bewitches them to follow lying Vanities, and forsake their own Mercies, in which they despise God and his Works in the Sons of Men; and so they go on to the frequenting of Taverns and Card-Tables and bad Company: And these are the Means that leadeth to Hell, and into that cursed Sin of Drunkenness; in which they sing their carnal Songs, and worship their Idols, *Bacchus* and *Venus*; so then we do not wonder to hear these *Bacchanarians*, or Sons of *Bacchus* and Daughters of *Venus* prefer the Playhouse before the House of God, and the Card-Table before the Lord's Table, and turn the Lord's

Day

Day into a Day of carnal Pleasure of ungodly and sinful Company; and instead of that holy Book the *Bible*, they take a Play-Book, instead of a Hymn-Book they are pleased with a Song-Book. But these are the Enemies of the Cross of Christ, whose Belly is their God, whose Glory is their Shame, whose End is their Destruction.

But you that are seeking the Kingdom of the Grace of Christ, forsake those evil Things, and let the Word of Christ dwell richly in you, that you may sing with Grace in your Hearts unto the Lord, that you may sing with the Church triumphant, and may have a Crown of Glory, which the Lord, the righteous Judge of the Quick and the Dead, will give to them that love him. God give it to you, for the Name's sake of his Son, our Lord Jesus. Amen.

So prays your Servant in the Lord

JOHN MATTLOCK

H Y M N S, &c.

I.

1 O 'Ternal Lord, Almighty God,
We bless thee for Jesus thy Word;
He in th' Beginning with thee came;
Thou mad'st all Things by his dear Name.

2 O heav'nly Father, Jehovah, Lord,
Thou gav'st thy Power with thy Word;
Yea, Light and Life our Jesus brings,
The Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings.

3 All Things obey the Word, thou says,
But Dev'ls and Men have gone astray:
Thy Light thou sent by Jesus Christ,
It blinds the First, and saves the Last.

4 For we in Darkness and Distress
Lay, dead to God, in Trespases.
Jesus, that Life, the Word, thou said,
Is Resurrection from the Dead.

5 Almighty everlasting God,
O help me to proclaim thy Word.

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He was made Flesh, among us came,
Jesus, unchangeable, the same.

- 6 You that know Jesus, the Word, the Lord,
Honour and glorify your God :
Know the Father, and his Son,
And Holy Ghost, to be but one.

II.

- 1 **J**ESUS my Lord for me provides
His Love, his Joy, and heav'nly Peace.
What-e'er my Soul or Body needs
He gives them, with redeeming Grace.

- 2 Jesus my Lord, thou bow'd thy Head,
And bled and dy'd upon the Tree,
To change my Grave into a Bed,
And purchase Heav'n for sinful me.

- 3 I love thee, Lord, for thou art Love;
Fill me with Thanks and Gratitude,
That I no more unfaithful prove,
Nor grieve the Spirit of my God.

- 4 Angels of God, be pleas'd to stoop,
And watch me while I sleep this Night :
Are you my Guard? God is my Hope,
'Midst Darkness Jesus is my Light.

5 Jesus,

- 5 Jesus, I sleep within thine Arms,
And lean my Head on thy dear Breast;
If sudden Death should call me Home,
O Lord, receive my Soul to Rest.
- 6 Or let my Dreams be sanctify'd,
Suffer no Evil to prevail;
May Jesus, and him crucify'd,
Sleep or awake, be all in all.
- 7 Jesus Lord, turn my Night to Day,
By visiting my sleeping Breast:
Unhallow'd Thoughts, Lord, chase away,
And give my Soul and Body Rest.

III.

- 1 JESUS Almighty, thou Lord of Truth,
Th' Word and Pow'r of thy Father's
Mouth,
Look down, and pity sinful Earth;
Lord, give my Soul a heav'nly Birth.

- 2 Jesus thou Lord, the living Way,
Satan and Sin my Soul did slay;
Thou know'st my Wants, my Grief and Pain;
Oh let my Soul be born again.

Jesus, thou cam'st to save the Lost,
And I am one of these, thou know'st;

For I the Chief of Sinners am ;
 Lord, let my Soul be born again.

4 O Lord, give Faith, or I must die ;
 Th' wounded Sinner, thou know'st am I,
 Nothing I merit, but endless Flame,
 Yet let my Soul be born again.

5 It's for the Pow'r of God I wait,
 And knock I will at Wisdom's Gate.
 O Lord, forgive my Sins and Blame,
 And let my Soul be born again.

6 I seek thee, Jesus, mighty Lord,
 Among thy Saints, beneath thy Word ;
 To know thy Wounds, thy Blood, and Name
 Lord, let my Soul be born again.

IV.

THE almost Christian loves his Room,
 And talks of travelling Home to God ;
 He never knew when Grace began,
 Nor what Christ hath for Sinners done.

2 For little Sins he will not grieve ;
 He always knows and doth believe ;
 He's not so bad as other Men ;
 He needs not to be born again.

3 In this broad Road that leads to Death,
Lord, what Thousands walketh there !
Thy Wisdom shows a narrower Path,
With here and there a Traveller.

4 It's Jesus gave the great Command ;
Nature must count her Gold but Dross.
He that would gain the heav'nly Land,
Deny thyself, take up thy Cross.

5 The fearful Soul draws back and faints,
And walks the Ways of God no more :
Alas ! what doth this almost Saint,
But makes their own Destruction sure.

6 Lord, let not all my Hopes be vain,
Create my Heart entirely new,
Which Hypocrites could ne'er attain,
And false Apostates never knew.

7 O Lord, shall I set forth thy Praise ?
(Honour to Jesus, while I've Breath !)
Love thee, and fear, and serve always,
Henceforth, and in the Hour of Death.

- IV.
- 1 **J**ESUS, my Soul is cold and dead,
Like to a Lump of Clay :
The Dew of Heaven on me shed,
That I may melt and pray.
 - 2 O why my Soul art thou so dead ;
Rise to thy Jesus pray ;
The Veil that's o'er thy Spirit spread
He'll melt and take away.
 - 3 Devotion, Lord, forsakes my Breast ;
Jesus, I want thy Love.
Oh ! for one Spark of heav'nly Fire
This Coldness to remove.
 - 4 Just like the Man wounded, half dead,
Before the Lord I lie ;
My Glory sleeps, I cannot sing,
Only look up and cry.
 - 5 Once could I use my Heart and Tongue,
And join the heav'nly Choir :
O that the same angelic Warmth
Would now my Soul inspire.
 - 6 Whither my poor distracted Soul,
What further wilt thou stray ?
How hast thou wander'd from the Lord,
And lost the nearer Way.

- 7 Almighty Saviour of the World,
 Like Sheep I've stray'd from thee :
 Yet tho' my Soul is cold and dead,
 Lord Jesus, quicken me.
- 8 Without thee, lo ! I change to Ice ;
 But let thy Love return, I bid thee
 O then, with Joy and sweet Delight,
 My thankful Soul shall burn.

VI.

- 1 JESUS, Almighty Prince of Peace,
 I come to thee with humble Pray'r ;
 The Darknes of my Mind dispel ;
 Lord, save me from the Snares of Hell :
 Finish, dear Lord, my Nature's Night ;
 Create my Soul to dwell in Light.
- 2 Jehovah Lord, thou God of Pow'r,
 A broken contrite Heart bestow ;
 Make this the acceptable Hour ;
 The Arm of thy Salvation show :
 O let thy Grace effectual prove,
 To melt my stoney Heart to Love.
- 3 Thy Goodness and Long-suff'ring, Lord,
 Alas, I have too long abus'd,
 Slighted the Promise of thy Word,
 The Blessings of thy Grace refus'd ;

But

- V.
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Like to a Lump of Clay :
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 The Arm of thy Salvation show :
 O let thy Grace effectual prove,
 To melt my stoney Heart to Love.

3 Thy Goodness and Long-suff'ring, Lord,
 Alas, I have too long abus'd,
 Slighted the Promise of thy Word,
 The Blessings of thy Grace refus'd ;

But Mercy, Lord, remains with thee :
And is there Mercy yet for me ?

4 Fruits of Repentance let me bear,
Free Grace and pard'ning Pow'r display,
Fill me with Love and filial Fear,
Lord, keep me steadfast in the Way ;
My Sins are neither few nor small,
But, Lord, thou can'st forgive them all.

5 The Day draws near, that Day of thine,
Wherein all Things shall be restor'd,
I long to see that Morning shine,
And live for ever with my Lord ;
My Joy is now to feel thy Grace,
But then shall see thee Face to Face.

VII.

1 JESUS sits on his Father's Throne,
And treads the Powers of Darkness down ;
His Word and Power, from above,
Subdueth Sinners by his Love.

2 This Christ, my All, to Heav'n is gone ;
'Tis he I place my Hopes upon ;
His Track I seek and Ell pursue,
The narrow Way, till him I view.

3 The good old Way the Prophets went,
The Road that leads from Banishment,

The

The King's High-way of Holiness,
I'll go, for all his Paths are Peace.

- 4 No Lover of this World and Sin,
No Stranger may proceed therein,
No Lion-like Men I shall not fear,
No rav'nous Tyger shall be there.
- 5 This Way to God none goes thereon,
But Heav'n-born Souls: Lord, make me one!
Wayfaring Men, to *Canaan* bound,
In God's blest Ways are only found.
- 6 Nor Fools, by carnal Men esteem'd,
Shall err therein, but be redeem'd;
In Jesu's Blood shall shew their Right
To travel to eternal Light.
- 7 This Way to God I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not:
My Grief, my Burden long hath been,
Because I could not cease from Sin.
- 8 The more I strove against its Pow'r,
I sinn'd and stumbled but the more,
Till late I heard my Jesus say,
Come hither, Soul, for I'm the Way.
- 9 So glad I come to thee, dear Lamb;
Lord, take me to thee as I am;
Nothing but Sin I thee can give,
Yet let me see thy Face and live.

10 I'll

- 10 I'll tell it to poor Sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll tell to them, while my Day 's giv'n,
Behold the Lamb, the Lord of Heav'n.

VIII.

- 1 **O** Richest Grace, O boundless Love!
To us, lost Sinners, so freely moves;
My Heart is ravish'd to a Flame;
Lord Christ, I love to hear thy Name.
- 2 With *Mary*, let me love and weep,
Lord, let me kiss thy pierced Feet:
Here at thy Table I wait to prove
Redeeming Grace and dying Love.
- 3 I do not, Lord, presume to come,
Trusting in Works that I have done,
But in thy Blood and Righteousness:
Lord, put on me thy Wedding-Dress.
- 4 In this rich Robe may I appear
To meet my Bridegroom in the Air,
And hear that sweet melodious Sound,
"I have for you a Ransom found."
- 5 Come, join the Spirits of the Just,
Enter into your perfect Rest,
To cease from Trouble, Sin, and Fear,
I wipe away your ev'ry Tear.

6 Lord,

- [10]
[11]
6 Lord, number me amongst the Blest,
In thy dear Bosom let me rest;
And while I taste the Bread and Wine,
Let thy blest Presence on me shine.

IX.

- 1 **T**HINE Eye hath pity'd me, O God,
When, all defil'd, I lay in Blood,
Cast in this World, a sinful Field,
When Satan tempted I did yield.
- 2 But now, vain World, I bid adieu,
To thee, and Creature-Comforts too;
Thou to my Soul hast treach'rous been;
What could I learn of thee but Sin?
- 3 A treach'rous Heart I have thee prov'd,
Thou to my God, my Soul, a Foe;
By Sin and thee I Mis'ry knew,
Thou'st pierc'd my Jesus thro' and thro'.
- 4 Alas, Free-Will, now where's thy Pow'r,
For thou art bound with Darkneſs-Chains,
Why knew you not the Lord before?
Why dwell you now where Satan reigns?
- 5 Satan, I have served thee too long,
Curſt Fiend, I'll be thy Drudge no more;
For Jesus calls, I know his Voice,
It's Christ the Lord, a quick'ning Pow'r.

- 6 O painted Sin, with all thy Gain,
Jesus hath made an End and slain:
I know the Pow'r of his dear Blood,
I live, I follow th' Lamb of God.
- 7 O Tyrant Death, thy Sting is gone,
To God's dear Saints it is not known;
By Jesus conquer'd, thou must yield,
He binds thee to his Chariot-Wheels.
- 8 Jesus, O Lord, I daily prove,
Ten thousand Tongues can't tell thy Love.
I lay in Blood, in Mire, and Sin;
Thou promis'd, I will make thee clean.

X.

- 1 **B**less'd Jesus, spotless Lamb!
We are met in thy great Name,
Gladly thy Commands obey,
In this thine appointed Way.
- 2 Lord, thy Presence now be near,
In the midst of us appear,
Send thy Holy Spirit down,
Make thy great Salvation known.
- 3 One Drop of thy dear Blood impart,
Stamp thine Image on each Heart,
Feed us with thy Flesh and Blood,
Make us one with thee, O God.

- 4 Jesus, seal us for thine own,
Lord, in Glory now come down,
Come and shew us, we are thine;
Bless the Bread, Lord bless the Wine.
- 5 Come Holy Ghost, bring us a Word,
Come, unite our Hearts to God;
Jesus, keep us near thy Side,
That we never may backslide.
- 6 Lord, unveil thy glorious Face,
Let us feel thy pow'rful Grace;
Saviour, speak unto each Heart,
Bid our Sins and Fears depart.
- 7 Let us sit beneath thy Cross,
Counting all Things else but Dross;
Jesus and him crucify'd,
Who hath made us his dear Bride.

XI.

- 1 JESUS, teach me how to pray,
I am oppress'd with Sin;
Take the Burden all away,
O wash my Spirit clean;
Give me thy renewing Grace,
My Soul from ev'ry Sin convert,
Pour thy Spir't of Love and Peace,
Lord, give a praying Heart.

B

2 Long

- 2 Long have I abus'd thy Grace,
 Made light of thy dear Blood,
 Turning to Lasciviousness
 Thy Goodness, O my God :
 Lord, forgive me all my Sins,
 Dry up the Fountain of my Heart,
 That I delight no more therein,
 Nor from my God depart.
- 3 Where shall I for Refuge flee ?
 What Method shall I take ?
 Jesus, let me feel thee near,
 And all my Sins forsake :
 Alas, I can but scarcely mourn,
 Lord, be gracious to me still,
 Jesus, me a Sinner turn,
 Lord, save my Soul from Hell.
- 4 At thy Feet, dear Lord, I lie,
 Do with me as thou wilt ;
 This is my Language tho' I die,
 The Saviour's Blood was spilt !
 This shall be my ceaseless Cry,
 This is all I have to plead :
 Jesus did for Sinners die,
 Then why not dy'd for me ?
- 5 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One God, in Persons three ;
 Lord of all the heav'nly Host,
 And blest eternally :

Earth below, and Heav'n above,
 Gladly join to sing thy Praise;
 Nothing's like to Jesus' Love,
 O Blessings of Free-Grace!

XII.

- 1 O Death, thy Wound thou hast receiv'd
 For all in Christ that do believe.
 God from the Dead hath rais'd his Son,
 To save lost Man that was undone.
- 2 O King of Terrors, where's thy Boast;
 Christ hath conquer'd, thy Sting is lost.
 Thro' Grace by Faith in Jesu's Blood
 Sinners are made Joint-Heirs with God.
- 3 O Death, I will not fear thy Sword;
 I live and die in Christ my Lord.
 If on th' pale Horse thou carriest me,
 Without the Vail I shall Thee see.
- 4 Jesus loves me, I'll hold the Word;
 My Life is hid with Christ in God.
 The Lord Jehovah's King of Kings,
 And I am safe under his Wings.
- 5 Farewel to Sin, to Grief, and Pain,
 T' a frowning World, and Christless Men:
 With Saints triumphant I shall see
 Death swallow'd up in Victory.

B 2

6 To

- 6 To live is Christ, to die is Gain,
O Son of God for Sinners slain !
When Horse of Fire, and Char'ots appears,
Receive me from this Vale of Tears.

XIII.

- 1 **O** Lord, here in thy House I pray,
Meet me in thine appointed Way.
Look back, my Soul, come see thy Sin :
Lord, what a Rebel I have been !
- 2 What vast Confusion fills my Face,
While I my heinous Sins confess :
Their scarlet Dye, their countless Sum,
Confound my Soul, and strike it dumb.
- 3 Dear Lord, I cannot tell my Case ;
I seek, I mourn, I am distressed.
Thou seest how low my Soul is bow'd,
And groans for want of thee, my God.
- 4 How long shall I in Darknes dwell,
And walk so near the Brink of Hell ?
Alas, I long have deeply felt
This heavy Load of Sin and Guilt.
- 5 I cannot help but cry aloud,
Lord Jesus, wash me in thy Blood.
My lost Estate I must bemoan,
Till I am sav'd by Christ alone.

- 6 Father, I lie at Mercy's Gate,
Acknowledging my Sins are great ;
Yet not too great to be forgiv'n,
While Jesus interceeds in Heav'n.
- 7 Dear Jesus, dost thou love me, say ?
Lord, take my Load of Guilt away ;
Send down my Pardon from on high ;
Then who shall praise thee more than I.
- 8 Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness,
That I may see thy glorious Face ;
On my benighted Spirit shine,
Lord, fill my Soul with Light divine.
- 9 Thy Righteousness in me reveal.
Upon my Heart thine Image seal.
Thy sweetest Comforts let me prove,
And feel that thou, my God, art Love.

XIV.

- ^I **F**OR thy Name's Sake, O Lord,
Have Mercy on a Sinner.
O Let thy Care,
Attend my Pray'r ;
For thou art Faith's beginner.
Thy Name I have blasphemed.
Thy holy Law have broken.
Thy Blood apply,
Or I must die ;
Lord Jesus, give a Token.

2 Chose in Affliction's Furnace,
My Dross thou doth discover.
My Sins consume,
Let me find Room
Within thine Arms, O Saviour.
Thou cam'st to seek the Lost,
And restore them t' thy Favour.
Lord, now find me ;
Let me know thee,
Thou glorious Redeemer.

3 Jesus, thou art th' Alpha ;
Lord God, thou art Omega ;
Thou First and Last,
When Time is past,
Thou reignest God of Glory,
Subduing Satan's power :
Lord, drive thy Foes before thee ;
While Angels sing,
Jesus their King !
Lord, all thy Saints adore thee.

XV.

1 **H**AIL, immortal King of Glory,
Worshipp'd by the Hosts Above :
Once thou suffer'd as a Sinner,
For the Sinners thou didst love.
Martyr'd Lamb,
Thou wast slain
For the fallen Sons of Men :

Lord,

Lord, we bless thy Sympathy;
Wond'rous Love ! amazing Pity !

- 2 Willing Slaves like Men we finned ;
But Jesus gave his Body up.
All our Sins on thee were laid ;
Thou didst drink that bitter Cup.
Thy dear Body,
Bruis'd and bloody,
Bore our Sins, and Curse, and Shame.
Thy Blood fell on *Calv'ry's* Mountain,
Is the Sinner's living Fountain.

- 3 Lord, what didst thou see to love us,
More than yonder's fallen Race ;
Was there Good or Merit in us ?
No ; we're freely sav'd by Grace.
Loud thou cry'd,
Groan'd and dy'd :
Clos'd thine Eyes to shew us God.
Blest the Day thou took'st our Nature,
O our Christ, our new Creator.

- 4 Sinners, see your Saviour's Body,
Nail'd and martyr'd, torn and bloody :
Turn and look to Jesus' Side,
Ev'ry one that doth backslide.
Sin's the Dart
Wounds his Heart.

Can you crucify again ?
Can you reject the loving Saviour,
Or despise the Lord Jehovah ?

Lord,

XVI. I am

XVI.

- 1 **I** Am well-pleas'd in this my Son,
And who shall say him Nay,
That Neck shall bow, that Knee shall
bend;
And all shall him obey.
- 2 Father, thou hast proclaim'd thy Son.
I thank thee for thy Choice.
The Blessing, thy incarnate Word,
Doth make my Soul rejoice.
- 3 Jesus, thou art the Son of God,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
For thou the Truth, the living Word,
Created ev'ry Thing.
- 4 Jesus, thou art the Lamb of God,
Removing ev'ry Sin :
It's from the Fountain of thy Blood
New Blessings always spring.
- 5 Thou art my Light, my Life, and Pow'r.
Lord, ever may it be :
While others sing Angels or Men,
O none but Christ for me.
- 6 Jesus, shall I with thee be crown'd
In that triumphant Day,
When all the Enemies of God,
Like Wax, shall melt away ?

- 7 Ease is the worldly Mens Desire ;
 They sleep and slumber there.
 Union with Christ is all my Joy ;
 O nothing can compare.

XVII.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost, thou Spirit of
 God,
 Quicken my Soul, set home thy Word ;
 Raise me from my fallen State ;
 Light and Life in me create.
- 2 Thou the Gift of God most high,
 Visit, Lord, my troubled Breast ;
 Shew that Christ for me did die,
 That my Soul in God might rest.
- 3 Thou th' Unction from God Above,
 Comforter of Jesus' Saints :
 Fountain of Life, and Fire of Love,
 Wilt thou answer my Complaints ?
- 4 Unto thee I feebly pray,
 Finger of the living God.
 Write thy Law within my Heart,
 Seal me with my Saviour's Blood.
- 5 Thy new-creating Power bring,
 On my dark Spirit quickly move.

Open,

Open, Lord, my Mouth to sing,
Redeeming Grace, and dying Love.

- 6 Melt and break my stony Heart,
Drive thine Enemies away;
Light, and Life, and Love supply,
Lead me to eternal Day.
- 7 Wilt thou take of Christ and shew me
What God in Christ for me hath done?
Reveal th' almighty Father in me,
But through the Wounds of Christ his Son.
- 8 O then farewell to all my Fears,
Tho' I 'm to a Desert driv'n.
Lo, the Hand of God appears,
Changing of my Earth to Heav'n.

XVIII.

- 1 **L**ORD, look down on me a Leper,
Poor and naked as I am:
Jesus, save a fallen Creature
By thy Wounds, and Blood, and Name.
- 2 Now I am ashamed to see thee:
What a Sinner have I been?
Cover'd o'er with Leprosy,
Unclean, O Lord of Host, unclean.

3 Dare

3 Dare I now for to approach thee,
Jefus Lord, for Sinners flain?
Is there Mercy with thee for me,
Wilt thou make a Leper clean?

4 Wash me in thy living Laver;
Make my Sins as white as Snow:
Make me, Lord, a true Believer,
Never from my God to go.

5 Jefus, I fall at thy dear Feet,
Whether 'tis to live or die:
Mercy I know with thee is great,
And on thy Mercy I rely.

6 Jefus Lord, where can I go;
Whither can a Leper flee?
Thou art Life, and this I know,
Endlefs Life's in none but thee.

7 All my Ways of Sin and Evil,
And the Follies I have done,
Scatter like the Morning-Dew
At the rifing of the Sun.

XIX.

1 **P** RINCE of Peace, Lord, have I found
Thee;
My very Heart doth fing for Joy:
Thou

Thou art the Pearl of Life and Glory;
Thy Father's Image shines in thee.

- 2 Jesus Lord, what shall I call thee,
That I may give thee all Praise:
All th' Fulness of God is in Thee,
O thou Word of endless Days!
- 3 Surely I'm the worst of Sinners,
Poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
Bound with Unbelief as Fetters,
Dead to God, alive to Sin.
- 4 The Tree of Life, and Lord of Glory,
Heal'd my Wounds and bore my Blame.
Jesus, Prophet, Priest, and King,
Stands 'twixt God and sinful Man.
- 5 Lord Jesus, shall I have a Part
In thy dear redeeming Blood?
Wilt thou witness with my Heart
That I am a Child of God?
- 6 Dear Lord, I ev'ry Moment want
To feel the Pow'r of thy Blood,
Witnessing my Sins forgiv'n,
Sealing of my Soul for Heav'n.

XX.

Soul.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Lord of th' new Creation,
With thy Pow'r
Now be near,
Keep my Habitation.

Jesus.

- 2 Be not faithless, but believing ;
I'm thy Lord,
A sure Reward,
For thee interceding.

Soul.

- 3 Lord, I'm try'd with fierce Temptations :
Satan roars,
With his Pow'rs,
To silence my Petitions.

Jesus.

- 4 Art thou in this World a Stranger ?
Don't repine,
I am thine ;
I will save from Danger.

Soul.

- 5 Jesus Lord, I thirst to love thee :
Many hate
Me for that,
Strive to pluck me from thee.

C

Jesus.

Soul.

Jesus.

6 Leave their wicked Conversation,
Thee I'll keep
With my Sheep,
And bless thy Habitation.

XXI.

A Funeral Hymn.

1 **O** Holy and most mighty God,
What is this House of Clay
More than a Flower of the Field
That fades and dies away ?

2 This Frame of Flesh, of Parents born,
I know 't must surely die.
How swift my Soul, on Wings of Time,
Flies to Eternity.

3 As Shadows glide o'er Hills and Dales,
And yet no Tracks appear.
So swift I vanish from this World,
There 's no abiding here.

4 Then youthful Sinners, seek the Lord,
Th' Wages of Sin is Death:
You'll surely meet with your Reward,
When God demands your Breath.

5 Diseases of all Sorts and Kinds
Doth sound the Trump aloud ;

O Sin

O Sinners of all Ages, come,
Prepare to meet your God.

- 6 The Mourners weep, grieve for their Friends,
With solemn Steps and slow :
So will it be with you and me,
When to the Grave we go.
- 7 As Flowers from the Earth we rise,
A fading Bloom we spread ;
The Scythe of Death doth cut us down,
And place us with the Dead.
- 8 Almighty and eternal God,
Lead me to Wisdom's Ways ;
And, for the Sake of Christ our Lord,
Teach me to know my Days.

XXII.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord, it's by thy Light I see
What secret Evils lurk in me :
I daily mourn ; these are my Cries,
O Lord, subdue them as they rise !
- 2 O Man of God, Death's in my Pot ;
These Evils make my Soul to smart :
Thou seest the Burden, Lord, I feel ;
Pour down thy Grace, pour in thy Meak.
- 3 An Heart of Enmity I find,
By Nature mis'erable and blind :

I daily feel (true are thy Words)
I am a Cage of unclean Birds :

- 4 All this and more I daily feel,
By Nature prone to disbelieve,
Distrust thy Love and disobey,
Gend'ring to Bondage ev'ry Day.
- 5 These are the cursed Serpent's Seeds,
For on the Dust of Man he feeds.
Lord Jesus, bruise the Serpent's Head,
And wound him till his Pow'r is dead.
- 6 Jesus my Lord, thou bleeding Lamb,
'Tread down the Fiend, his Fierceness tame;
Thy own right Hand hath gain'd the Pow'r,
And Sin shall die to reign no more.
- 7 To thee thou giv'st me free Access
For pard'ning Pow'r and saving Grace :
This Fountain of the Lord doth flow
To wash my Sins as white as Snow.
- 8 Sinner I am: I'll come and say,
Forgive my Trespas Day by Day ;
Forgive my secret Faults, I'll cry,
Lord, let thy Goodness pass them by.
- 9 O Lord, I know thou wilt receive,
For thou hast giv'n me to believe
That what I ask shall sure be giv'n,
Till all my Wants shall end in Heav'n.

XXIII.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a World of Doubts and Cares,
And Sins, before my Face appears!
How many Paths do I perceive,
Nor know I which to choose or leave.
- 2 Good God, direct my Feet aright,
From Darkness into glorious Light;
Reveal thy pard'ning Love in me,
Lord, set my captive Spirit free.
- 3 Till then in secret Calls and Pray'rs,
By inward Sighs and streaming Tears,
To seek thy Face, my Search receive:
Lord, let me see thy Face and live.
- 4 Jesus, dear Lord, I want to have
A Place with thee beyond the Grave:
I want in stedfast Faith to say,
I know the Life, the Truth, the Way.
- 5 All earthly Things I know are vain,
All Wisdom, Art, and Craft of Men,
But Christ alone, that better Part,
That one Thing needful in my Heart.
- 6 Most holy God, if thou canst hear
The chief of Sinners make his Pray'r,
Then peradventure I may prove
How beyond Measure God is Love.
- 7 I know of Sinners I'm the Chief,
Found in the blackest Unbelief;

Not any thing can do me good
But the rich Drops of Jesu's Blood.

- 8 Nothing can melt my Heart of Stone
But thy redeeming Blood alone ;
Nothing beside can wash out Sin,
The Leprosy lies deep within.
- 9 My Sorrows, Lord, are Night and Day ;
Continually to thee I pray,
Sprinkle my Conscience with thy Blood,
And write me in thy Book, O God !
- 10 O blessed Spirit, thy Witness bear ;
Jesus, with thee am I Joint-Heir ?
Then seal me with thine Image, Lord,
And let me know I'm born of God.
- 11 One precious Drop, Lord Jesus, grant,
For this I hunger, thirst and pant.
One Word applying thy dear Blood
Shall make me cry, My Lord, my God !

XXIV.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, thou Pow'r of God,
Come, to my Heart thyself reveal ;
Drawn by the Pow'r of Jesu's Word,
Thy sweet Influence let me feel :
The Temple of my Soul prepare,
And fix the Love of Jesus there.

2 Come

- 2 Come feed my Soul with heav'nly Rest,
Come consecrate a Sinner's Breast :
This bears me up with sweet Constraint ;
For thee I hunger, thirst and pant.
T' receive thy Word my Soul prepare ;
Come fix the Way of Jesus there.
- 3 Come then, my God, for Jesu's sake,
Me in the Arms of Mercy take ;
Shew me what Christ for me hath done ;
He is the Father's only Son.
Thy Witness with my Spirit bear ;
Come fix the truth of Jesus there.
- 4 Come comfort, Lord, my panting Heart ;
Thy Presence never from me part ;
But keep me near my Saviour's Side,
Lest I, forgetful, should backslide :
The Temple of my Lord prepare,
And fix the Life of Jesus there.
- 5 Baptize me with thy quick'ning Fire,
And fill my Soul with strong Desire
To know the Father and his Word
To be the only very God ;
And me his Temple now prepare ;
Come fix the Name of Jesus there.

XXV.

1 **M**ighty Jehovah, hear my Pray'r,
Saviour, to me incline thine Ear ;
Jesus I bow my Knee and tell
What many Sorrows, Lord, I feel :
My just Desert I know is more
Then all on Earth I can endure.

2 But, O my Jesus, Pity take
For thy great Name and Mercy's sake ;
My chiefest Weight thou seest is Sin ;
Lord, what a Rebel I have been !
Sin in my Members I now see,
I cannot rest till Christ 's in me.

3 The Evils that I would not do
Come flowing like a mighty Flood ;
Satan and his infernal Crew
Would chase away my Soul from God ;
But now I will with Patience wait
To fall, to die at Jesu's Feet.

4 Th' earthly Pleasures I did pursue
Are gone, as Things I never knew ;
The Sting of them now gives me Pain :
Why did I spend my Days in vain ?
These are my Grievs, Lord Jesus, see ;
Lord, let me now find Peace in thee.

5 My worldly Friends are now my Foes,
And daily do increase my Woes ;

Madness

Madness they call thy blessed Ways,
Despise thy Blood, reject thy Grace.
Forgive their Sin, that they may see
There is no Way to Life but thee.

- 6 See, thou dear Lord, my burden'd Soul;
Give thou the Light of Life to come.
Jesus, these mighty Waves controul;
O let my Cries come up to thee;
Shine in me now thy blessed Grace,
In Heaven let me see thy Face.

XXVI.

- 1 JESUS, on this thy blessed Day,
Meet me in thine appointed Way;
In thy Fold, great Shepherd, keep
Me among thy blessed Sheep;
Feed me with thy Gospel-Word,
With thy Presence, O my God.
- 2 Let me know my Shepherd's Voice,
Lest my Feet should run astray;
In his Glory I rejoice,
This my Shepherd dy'd for me.
Jesus, end this War and Strife,
Feed me with the Tree of Life.
- 3 Lord, from thee I did depart,
O what Wounds my Sins have made,
Open torn my Shepherd's Heart;
I must have dy'd hadst thou not dy'd:
Blood

Blood and Water from thy Side
Made lost Sinners be thy Bride :

- 4 Yea the Chief of Sinners, I,
Jesus Shepherd, cry to thee.
From the Lion of this World,
O my Lord, deliver me.
Wilt thou now decide this Strife;
Write me in the Book of Life.

XXVII.

- 1 **B**Ehold, another Day is gone,
Jesus, my Lord, prolongs my Days,
And ev'ry Ev'ning shall make known
Some Memorial of his Grace.
- 2 How many Years have run to waste,
And I am near my Home?
O Lord, forgive my Follies past,
And let thy Kingdom come.
- 3 I lay my Body down to sleep,
On thy Promise rest my Head;
Lord Jesus, let thy Angels keep
Their Stations round my Bed.
- 4 If sudden Death should come this Night
To make me lifeless Clay,
Then let thy Angels take my Soul,
Receive it, Lord, I pray.

5 Let

- 5 Let not the Sons of Earth or Hell
Grieve me with frightful Things :
In thy blest Arms, O Lord, I dwell,
Thou mighty King of Kings!
- 6 Faith in thy Name forbids my Fear,
Thou say'st, I am the Lord ;
And when the Morning doth appear,
O let me hear thy Word.

XXVIII.

- 1 **S**O far my Lord hath led me on,
And brought me to another Day
Behold I see another Morn
My Jesus hath bestow'd on me.
- 2 Like to a Weaver's Shuttle, quick
My Days and Nights do run away,
But Jesus bids his Angels guard
And keep me till another Day.
- 3 O Lord, forgive my Follies past,
Behold I am a sinful Worm ;
Bestow on me blest Mary's Part,
Give Grace for ev'ry Day to come.
- 4 Jesus, this Day be thou my Guide,
Thou art th' Lion of Judah's Tribe ;
Thy Presence strikes the Tempter dumb,
And all that would thy Works o'erturn.

- 5 With all the heav'nly Host above
I'll join to bless the King of Kings.
Thou, Father, sent thine only Son
With Healing underneath his Wings.

XXIX.

- 1 **O** Lord, give Mercy to my Soul,
If Mercy may be giv'n,
For O I greatly have transgress'd,
And have offended Heav'n.
- 2 Jesus, I had not dar'd to pray,
But sunk to Hell my Home,
Had not thy Voice the Sinner call'd,
And bid the Weary come.
- 3 Too long, alas, I have refus'd,
I made too long delay ;
Yet let my Spirit know thy Peace,
Tho' late in this my Day.
- 4 Jesus, thou bright and Morning-Star !
Who Day eternal brings,
Shine on me, Sun of Righteousness,
With Healing in thy Wings.
- 5 Pour forth the Fountain of thy Blood,
To make my Spirit whole ;
Let all thy Merits, Lord, descend ;
Come, purify my Soul.

6 Forgive my Sins, increase my Faith ;
And, thro' thy tender Love,
Prepare a Mansion for my Soul
In Realms of Peace above.

7 O let me see my Saviour's Face,
And hear his gracious Voice ;
Speak Pardon to my list'ning Ear,
And bid my Heart rejoice.

8 Jesus, then shew thy smiling Face ;
Lord, teach me to believe :
O let me know thy pard'ning Grace,
Or else I cannot live.

9 Come, Holy Spirit, let thy Fire
Inflame these Pow'rs of mine,
Kindle angelic Flame in me,
And seal me ever thine.

XXX.

1 **C**OME view the spotless Nazarene :
My Soul, how awful is the Scene !
Sinners, come see your dying God
For you expiring in his Blood.

2 Surely the hardest Hearts would melt,
To see the World's Deserts and Guilt
Laid on the Lamb the Holy One,
To hear the Lord Jehovah groan.

- 3 Sun, what mean you t' withdraw thy Light?
O Rocks, why do you rent and split?
Ye Graves, why throw you up your Dead,
When Jesus dy'd, our sov'reign Head?
- 4 Rouse up, my Soul; don't senseless be,
Christ dy'd for you on *Calvary*.
Come see him sweating, bath'd in Blood,
All to appease an angry God.
- 5 How can you unaffected hear,
Your Sins and Unbelief, a Spear,
Hath made the Lamb of God expire:
Our God is a consuming Fire.
- 6 Let me receive thy Body and Blood,
That I may know my Lord and God:
Jesus, be always in my View.
Mine Eyes run down with grateful Dew.
- 7 Jesus, now smite each rocky Soul,
Till penitential Streams shall roll:
Lord, bid a Fountain to arise,
To shew our Love from willing Eyes.

XXXI:

- 1 **H**AIL, holy, holy, holy Lord!
All Glory, Honour, Praise, be thine.
Grace, Love and Pow'r, be to thy Word,
In whom thine Attributes doth shine.

2 Behold

2 Behold the Lamb, the Life, the Word,
Th'Light, th' Knowledge, the Glory of God,
Shine in the Face of Christ, the Man
Who dy'd for Sin and rose again.

3 When I behold this heav'nly Sight,
(What Blessings do the Saints await !)
The Streams of Life comes in my Soul,
Lifts me above this dying World.

4 It's by the Life of Faith I rise
And taste the Joys above the Skies,
With Angels feast ; my soul thee join
In Hymns immortal and divine.

5 On Wings of Love to Jesus borne,
All Things but Christ from me be gone :
O Pains and Pleasures of this Life,
Thou giv'st me neither Joy nor Grief.

6 With Joy I'd see this blissful Sight,
My Soul o'erflows with sweet Delight ;
I long to reach th' eternal Shore,
To grieve the Spir't of God no more.

7 O for that Day, that blessed Day !
Dear Lord, receive my Soul to thee :
Then Pain and Sin forever cease,
And Joys eternally increase.

8 Did Worldlings know the Joys we feel,
How glorious, how unspeakable !

D 2

They

They would no longer feed with Swine,
But hung'r and thirst for Love divine.

- 9 Sinners, who live in Wine and Lust,
You, with the Serpent, feed on Dust,
Come drink the Pleasures that excel ;
The Riv'r of Life, Salvation's Well.
- 10 Ye Saints, who feed on Jesu's Grace,
Take more and more with Thankfulness ;
Union with Christ is heav'nly Food,
It fills the Soul with Life from God.

XXXII.

- 1 **L**ORD, put on me thy Armour bright,
Shield thou my Soul with heav'nly Light:
Thy glitt'ring Light, Lord, round me shake,
At which th' Pow'rs of Hell shall quake.
- 2 Thy Spirit's Sword bind on my Thigh,
Fastgirded with God's Name on high.
Faith in God's Word my Shield shall be,
From which the frighted Dæmons flee.
- 3 Thy Word, O Lord, shall be my Sword,
Dæmons shall fly before thy Word :
Here I defy th' Rage of Satan,
His fiery Darts are sore Temptations.
- 4 My Helmet, Lord, is thy Salvation ;
(I pray to thee with Supplication)

In

In this the flaming Darts are drown'd,
Altho' Thousands at me are thrown.

- 5 To groundless Fears I will not yield ;
O Lord, make Satan quit the Field ;
On Christ, the Rock, I'll stand and see,
That all the Pow'rs of Hell shall flee.
- 6 Lord, girt my Loins about with Truth,
Give me the Sword of thy blest Mouth ;
When I'm beset with many Evils,
To cut my Way thro' Hosts of Devils.
- 7 Lord, clothe me in thy Wedding-Dress,
Make my Breast-Plate thy Righteousness ;
And this shall be my Coat of Mail
When Men or Devils me assail.
- 8 It 's by free Grace I hold the Fight,
Since I can say, God is my Right :
I know my Foes are not asleep ;
In constant Pray'r my Watch I'll keep.
- 9 Lord, by no Means I'll wander out,
Nor from thine Armour gad about,
But learn to fix on God my Stay :
Lord Jesus, teach me how to pray.
- 10 Learn me to wait on thee, my Lord ;
Learn me to live t' obey thy Word ;
Learn me from Earth to God t' retire ;
Learn me, Lord Christ ; my Soul inspire.

- 11 Learn me to throw no Time away ;
 Learn me to work while it is Day ;
 Learn me to put my Foes to flight,
 For Darkneſs cannot dwell with Light.

XXXIII.

- 1 **W**E join the heav'nly Hoſt to ſing
 The wonderful *Immanuel's* Name,
 With Angels praiſe the new-born King,
 And ſtill the joyful News proclaim :
 All Earth and Heav'n be ever join'd
 To praiſe the Saviour of Mankind.
- 2 The everlaſting God comes down
 To ſojourn with the Sons of Men ;
 Without his Maſteſty or Crown
 The great Inviſible is ſeen ;
 Of all his daz'ling Glories ſhorn,
 The everlaſting God is born.
- 3 Angels, behold that Infant Face !
 With rapt'rous Awe the Godhead own ;
 'Tis all your Heav'n on him to gaze,
 And caſt your Crowns before his Throne :
 Tho' now he on his Footſtool lies,
 Ye know he built both Earth and Skies.
- 4 By him, into Exiſtence brought,
 Ye ſung the all-creating Word,
 Ye heard him call our World from nought
 Again, in Honour of our Lord.

Ye

Ye Morning-Stars, your Hymns employ,
And shout ye Sons of God for Joy.

- 5 Let Angels and Archangels sing
Jesus the Lord, most holy Child,
Glory to God the highest King !
Gives Peace on Earth and Mercy mild.
We shout for Joy, with Hosts of Heav'n,
A Child is born, a Son is giv'n !

XXXIV.

- 1 **T**HE Lord Jehovah praise,
Lord of Earth, Sea and Skies,
Antient of endless Days,
Who reigns enthron'd on high :
He gives us Time for to prepare
And spares us yet another Year.

- 2 Like barren wither'd Trees
We cumber'd long the Ground ;
No Fruit of spiritual Grace
On our dead Souls was found :
God in Mercy us did spare,
Or we had never seen this Year.

- 3 Justice lifted up th' Ax
To cut the Fig-Tree down,
Jesus stepped in betwixt,
Cry'd, Let it yet alone :
The Father mild inclines his Ear
To offer grace another Year.

4 Jesus,

- 4 Jesus, thy pow'rful Blood
 Obtain'd and brought us Grace;
 And lo! a smiling God
 Hath giv'n a longer Space;
 That we to meet him may prepare,
 He spares us yet another Year.
- 5 Lord, dig about our Root,
 Break up our fallow'd Ground,
 That we may bring forth Fruit
 Sixty or hundred Fold.
 The Lord Jehovah we declare,
 And praise him yet another Year.

XXXV.

- 1 **U**Nveil thy Glory, great I AM,
 Thy Truth and Grace display;
 Let Sinners feel thy pow'rful Name,
 And love thee and obey.
- 2 What Multitudes ne'er knew thy Pow'r,
 Go mourning down to Death,
 While those of endless Life are sure,
 Thro' Grace reveal'd by Faith!
- 3 Th' diffusive Pow'r of Jesu's Grace,
 How wide to us extends!
 It points to all that feel their Loss,
 That Jesus is their Friend.

- 4 The Young, the Old, the middle Age,
Yea, these free Grace invites;
And those, who at God's Heralds rage,
Shall feel the quck'ning Light.
- 5 While *Magdalene*, with many Tears,
Declares the cleansing Flood,
Free Grace a dying Thief it bears
To Paradise with God.
- 6 A furious Soul free Grace will stop,
And him immediate blefs;
'Twill bring *Manassehs* to a Hope
In Jesu's Righteousness.
- 7 Old *Noah* and just *Lot* did prove
The Sweets of pard'ning Grace;
David and *Peter* prais'd that Love
That leads to Jesus Christ.
- 8 Lord, let me know thy quick'ning Pow'r,
The Kingdom is thine own;
Honour'd with these to bear my Cross,
And seal'd to wear thy Crown.

XXXVI.

- 1 **O** Lord, give me an Heart,
An Heart that I may mourn,
And feel the Love of Sin depart,
And worship God alone.

- 2 I want a thankful Heart,
That I thy Love may feel;
I want to taste how good thou art,
I want to know thy Will.
- 3 Lord, teach me how to pray,
And hear my Soul's Complaint;
My Life, my Breath comes down from thee,
And must return again.
- 4 I want to feel my Heart
Ascending with my Tongue,
To feel the Joys that thou impart,
Whilst Utterance comes down.
- 5 I want to thee to pray,
To know thy Life and Peace;
Dear Jesus, teach me what to say,
And give supporting Grace.
- 6 The Spirit of Pray'r I want,
To pray and not to cease,
Till thou shalt hear, and also grant
My Soul to dwell in Peace.
- 7 I want, with all my Heart,
Thy Pleasure to fulfil,
To know the Father, Son and Spirit,
And what's thy blessed Will.
- 8 I want a living Faith
In the dear Saviour's Blood;

I want

I want to feel the Riv'r of Life
Come flowing down from God.

- 9 Alas! in all my Wants,
I want thy Face to see;
I want, I appeal to thee, O Lord,
For Christ to dwell in me.

XXXVII.

- 1 JESUS, I come to thee,
Accept a Sinner's Pray'r;
Relieve and cure my Misery,
My ruin'd Soul repair.
- 2 The Works of Sin destroy,
Be thou my sole Delight;
Lord, turn my Sorrows into Joy,
My Darknefs into Light.
- 3 Reveal in me thy Pow'r,
Thy Light and Life impart;
Thine Image to my Soul restore,
Engrave it on my Heart.
- 4 I wait at Wisdom's Gate,
Dear Lord, thy Mercy shew;
Thou art Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.
- 5 Lord, wash me in thy Blood,
From all the Guilt of Sin,

That

That I before the Lord my God
May stand intirely clean.

6 I love to hear thy Word,
Let me thy Goodness see ;
My Succour and Salvation, Lord,
Daily comes down from thee.

7 Shew Pity, Lord, and give
To me thy pard'ning Grace ;
Let a repenting Sinner live
To sing my Jesu's Praise.

8 For thee I mourn in Heart,
Lord Jesus, comfort me ;
Thou know'st my Sorrows, Grief and Smart,
Till I have Peace with thee.

XXXVIII.

1 JESUS Lord, thou Woman's Seed !
It's thou doth bruise the Serpent's Head ;
In Time of Trouble bidst us call ;
Before thy Throne, O Lord, we fall.

2 Q Lord of Host, thou King of Kings !
Sinners are sav'd under thy Wings ;
Bind down Satan with his Chains ;
Lord, free my Soul from hellish Pains.

3 Great Ell-Shaddai Lord, I pray,
Drive these unclean Spirits away ;

Jesus, thou Lion of *Judah's* Tribe,
Cast out the Dragon with his Pride.

- 4 Jesus, thou everlasting Rock,
Give Satan's Kingdom now a shock :
Thou wilt hear thy Children call ;
Dagon shall before thee fall.
- 5 Our great *Imman'el*, God Jehovah,
Stript the strong Man of his Power ;
His Armour's lost, his Strength is down,
And Jesus wears the conqu'ring Crown.
- 6 Jesus, the Way, the Life, the Truth,
Strikes with the Sword of his blest Mouth,
Pierces the Serpent thro' his Head,
Wounds him till his Pow'r is dead.
- 7 Jesus, the bright and Morning-Star,
Strike the old red Dragon here :
This our *Michael* wounds his Arm,
Jesus breaks all Satan's Charms.
- 8 Thy Pow'r is o'er the bott'mless Pit,
And all these Rebels shall submit ;
Jesus knows their Name and Kind,
And torments them World without End.

XXXIX.

- 1 **B**LEST be the Poor in Spirit ;
Lord, let that Part be mine,
That I thy Kingdom may inherit,
And with thy Saints may shine.
- 2 Blest be the Soul that mourns,
And do forsake his Sins :
Lord, with my Sins to thee I come,
A Sinner I have been.
- 3 Blest be the hungry Souls
That seek the living Bread.
Dear Lord, what Waves o'er me do roll
To keep me from thy Word.
- 4 Come, ev'ry one that thirsts
For Righteousness divine :
I come to thee, thou Riv'r of Life,
Fill me with all that's thine.
- 5 Blest be the Merciful,
For they shall Mercy have :
Lord, guide me by this golden Rule,
Eternal Life to have.
- 6 Blest are the Pure in Heart ;
For they shall see their God :
Lord, let me ne'er from thee depart,
But love and hear thy Word.

- 6 Bleſt are the Makers of the Peace,
For they ſhall hear thy Word :
Lord, clothe me with thy Righteouſneſs,
Make me a Child of God.

XL.

- 1 **L**ORD of Heaven and of Earth,
Who rides upon the Skies,
Prais'd by an immortal Breath,
Eternal God moſt high ;
Lead me to know thy Ways and Truth,
Forgive the Follies of my Youth :
Jeſus, my Advocate, appear,
Spare me another Year.

- 2 Give me Grace, Lord, give me Time
To live and grow in thee ;
Plant me near thy living Stream,
That I may fruitful be.
Faith, Love and Patience is the Fruit
Springs from Jehovah-Jeſſe's Root :
Jeſus, my Advocate, appear,
Save me another Year.

- 3 Days and Months run ſwift and fly
As tho' they had not been ;
Sun and Moon, for none will ſtay :
O what remains but Sin !

Teach me, Lord, to know my Days,
My Heart imploy in Wisdom's Ways :
Jesus, for this my Suit appear,
Save me another Year.

- 8 Try me, Lord, this Year, and prove
And cultivate my Heart ;
All my Barrenness remove,
Thy Life and Grace impart.
In thee no lifeless Branch can dwell,
No fruitless Soul shall abide there :
Jesus, for this my Suit appear,
Save me for evermore.

XLI.

- 1 **T**HE Lord in Flesh appears,
The Promise is fulfill'd,
The blessed Virgin *Mary* bears
Jesus the holy Child.
- 2 The Lord our God most high
Hath given us his Son ;
Jesus shall rule o'er Earth and Sky,
And sit on *David's* Throne.
- 3 O'er *Jacob* he shall reign
With strong and pow'rful Sway ;
The *Gentiles* shall his Grace obtain,
Which never shall decay.

- 4 Dear Lord, what glorious News!
 Christ in our Flesh appears:
 Help us, O Heavens! to rejoice,
 O Earth, resound his Praise!
- 5 With Angels we will sing,
 For we 're the *Gentile's* Race:
 Jesus, the Child, our Lord and King,
 Is full of Truth and Grace.
- 6 Lo! Christ, the Word made Flesh,
 In th' Manger lay in Dirt:
 O wond'rous Love! amazing Bliss!
 Will God dwell in my Heart?
- 7 Glory to God on high!
 Jesus brings Peace on Earth,
 Good-will to Men, to Angels Joy,
 By our dear Saviour's Birth.

XLII.

1 O Lord, thy Word blest,
 Now give it Success,
 And grant that each Hearer in thee may find
 Thy Power display [Rest.
 In this Gospel-Day,
 Arise in thy Glory, our Sins chase away.

2 Dismiss all our Fears,
Our Doubts and our Cares,
And let us, like *Mary*, wash thy Feet with Tears.
Here humbly we lie
Till thy Glory pass by :
O Jesus, thy Presence vouchsafe, or we die.

XLXIII.

1 **H**ARK ! the Herald-Angels sing
Glory to the new-born King ;
Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,
God and Sinners reconcil'd.

Hallelujah.

2 Joyful all ye Nations rise,
Join the Triumphs of the Skies :
Nature rise and worship him,
Who was born at *Bethlehem*.

3 Christ, by highest Heav'n ador'd ;
Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
Late in Time, behold him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's Womb.

4 Veil'd in Flesh the Godhead see,
Hail the incarnate Deity ;
Pleas'd, as Man, with Men t' appear,
Jesus, our *Immanuel*, here.

5 Hail

5 Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace;
Hail the Sun of Righteousness :
Light and Life around he brings,
And comes with Healing in his Wings.

6 Mild he lays his Glory by,
Born that Men no more may die ;
Born to raise the Sons of Earth ;
Born to give them second Birth.

7 Come, Desire of Nations, come
Fix in us thy heav'nly Home ;
Raise the Woman's conqu'ring Seed,
Bruise in us the Serpent's Head.

8 *Adam's* Likeness now efface,
Stamp thy Image in its Place :
Second *Adam* from above,
Work it in us by thy Love.

Hallelujah.

XLIV.

1 **M**Y Soul, come view the Son of God,
Alpha Omega 's he ;
He's First and Last, wait for his Grace,
And you his Face shall see.

2 While *John* unveils our *Jesu's* Face,
Which once the Thorns did tear ;

He

He speaks as with a Trumpet's Voice,
The Dead in Sins shall hear.

3 Why then, my Soul, art thou so cold?
Turn ye and seek the Lord,
He's in his Candlesticks of Gold,
Come meet him in his Word.

4 For there believing Souls he meets,
They see 'im with *Stephen's* Eye,
Cloth'd with a Garment to his Feet,
Our Lord and King most high.

5 And Righteousness his Girdle is,
He's like the Son of Man;
And he revealeth God to us:
My Soul, come praise the Lamb.

6 Thou Lamb-like Son of God, thine Eyes
Are like a Flame of Fire!
Thou pierceth Sinners thro' their Hearts,
And Faith and Love inspire.

7 Thy Voice as many Waters run;
Lord, none can hinder thee;
The Kingdom of thy Grace doth come,
And all thy Foes shall flee.

8 The seven Stars in thy right Hand,
Thy Min'sters so shall be,
That whatsoe'er to them is done,
It all is done to thee.

9 Thy

- 9 Thy Word 's a sharp two-edged Sword,
And all shall feel thy Pow'r ;
And Heav'n and Earth shall be dissolv'd,
And Time shall be no more.
- 10 Thy Countenance, fair as the Sun,
My Spirit fills with Dread ;
Lay thy right Hand upon my Soul,
Lift up my drooping Head.
- 11 Jesus, thou art the First and Last,
Tho' once thou dy'dst as Man ;
Thou hast the Keys of Hell and Death,
And lives for ev'r. Amen.

XLV.

- 1 **O** The Delights, the heav'nly Joys,
The Glories of the Place,
Where Jesus sheds the brightest Beams
Of his o'erflowing Grace !
- 2 Sweet Majesty and awful Love
Sits smiling on his Brow,
And all the glorious Ranks above
At humble Distance bow.
- 3 Princes to his imperial Name
Bend their bright Sceptres down ;
Dominions, Thrones, and Pow'rs rejoice
To see him wear the Crown.

2 Arch-

- 4 Archangels sound his lofty Praise
Thro' ev'ry heav'nly Street,
And lay their highest Honours down
Submissive at his Feet.
- 5 Those soft, those blessed Feet of his,
That once rude Iron tore,
High on a Throne of Life they stand,
And all the Saints adore.
- 6 His Head, the dear majestic Head
That cruel Thorns did wound,
See what immortal Glories shine
And circle it around !
- 7 This is the Man, th' exalted Man
Whom we, unseen, adore ;
But when our Eyes behold his Face
Our Hearts shall love him more.

XLVI.

- 1 **Y**E Pris'ners of Hope,
Who bitterly grieve,
To Jesus look up,
He will you receive :
Declare the Condition
And State you are in,
And Christ the Physician
Will cure you of Sin.

2 Tho'

- 2 Tho' God may appear
A merciless Foe,
Yet be of good Cheer,
Unto his Son go,
Sincerely confessing
Your Transgressions past,
And you the free Blessing
Of Pardon shall taste.
- 3 Law, Conscience and Sin
Accuse us in vain,
If we are found in
The Lamb that was slain :
There's no Condemnation
In Jesus the Lord,
But strong Consolation
His Love doth afford.
- 4 Then dry up your Tears
Ye Children of Grief,
The Lord now appears
To give you Relief.
To Jesus returning,
Your Saviour and Friend ;
Give over your Mourning,
Sing Praise without End.
- 5 None will I cast out
Who come, saith the Lord.
Why then do ye doubt ?
Lay hold of his Word.

Tho'

Ye

Ye Mourners of *Zion*,
Be bold to believe,
For ever rely on
Your Saviour and live.

XLVII.

- 1 **H** Appy the Heart where Graces reign,
Where Love inspires the Breast:
Love is the brightest of the Train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas ! 'tis all vain,
And all in vain our Fear ;
Our stubborn Sins will fight and reign,
If Love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis Love that makes our chearful Feet
In swift Obedience move ;
The Devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the Grace that lives and sings,
When Faith and Hope shall cease :
'Tis this shall strike our joyful Strings
In the sweet Realms of Peace.
- 5 Before we quite forsake our Clay,
Or leave this dark Abode,
The Wings of Love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

XLVIII.

1 **M**Y God, the Spring of all my Joys,
The Life of my Delights,
The Glory of my brightest Days,
And Comfort of my Nights.

2 In darkeſt Shades if he appear,
My Dawning is begun ;
He is my Soul's ſweet Morning-Star,
And he my riſing Sun.

3 The op'ning Heav'ns around me ſhine
With Beams of ſacred Blifs,
While Jeſus ſhews his Heart is mine,
And whiſpers, I am his.

4 My Soul would leave this heavy Clay
At that transporting Word ;
Run up with Joy the ſhining Way,
T' embrace my deareſt Lord.

5 Fearleſs of Hell, and gaſtly Death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry Foe ;
The Wings of Love, and Wings of Faith
Should bear me Conqu'ror thro'.

XLIX.

1 **T**HEE we adore, eternal Name,
 And humbly own to thee,
 How feeble is our mortal Frame,
 What dying Worms are we !

2 Our wasting Lives grow shorter still,
 As Months and Days increase,
 And ev'ry beating Pulse we tell,
 Leaves but the Number less.

3 The Year rolls round and steals away
 The Breath that first it gave ;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're trav'ling to the Grave.

4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the Ground
 To push us to the Tomb ;
 And fierce Diseases wait around
 To hurry Mortals Home.

5 Good God ! on what a slender Thread
 Hangs everlasting Things !
 Th' eternal States of all the Dead
 Upon Life's feeble Strings.

6 Infinite Joy, or endless Woe,
 Attends on ev'ry Breath ;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the Brink of Death !

7 Waken,

- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy Sense
 To walk this dang'rous Road ;
 And if our Souls are hurry'd hence,
 May they be found with God.

L.

- 1 JOIN all the glorious Names
 Of Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r,
 That ever Mortals knew,
 That ever Angels bore :
 All are too mean
 To speak his Worth,
 Too mean to set
 My Saviour forth.

- 2 But O what gentle Terms,
 What condescending Ways
 Doth our Redeemer use
 To teach his heav'nly Grace!
 Mine Eyes with Joy
 And Wonder see,
 What Forms of Love
 He bears to me.

- 3 Array'd in mortal Flesh,
 He, like an Angel stands,
 And holds the Promises
 And Pardons in his Hands;
 Commission'd from
 His Father's Throne

E 2

To

To make his Grace
To Mortals known.

4 Great Prophet of my God,
My Tongue would bless thy Name ;
By thee the joyful News
Of our Salvation came :
The joyful News
Of Sins forgiv'n,
Of Hell fudud,
And Peace with Heav'n.

5 Be thou my Counsellor,
My Pattern, and my Guide,
And thro' this Defert Land,
Still keep me near thy Side :
O let my Feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked Way.

6 Now let my Soul arise
And tread the Tempter down ;
My Captain, lead me forth
To Conquest and a Crown.
A feeble Saint
Shall win the Day,
Tho' Death and Hell
Obstruct the Way.

7 To this dear Surety's Hand
Will I commit my Cause ;

He

He answers and fulfils
His Father's broken Laws.

Behold, my Soul,

At Freedom set;

My Surety paid

The dreadful Debt.

LI.

1 **S**TAND up, my Soul, shake off thy Fears,
And gird the Gospel-Garment on;
March to the Gates of endless Joy,
Where thy great Captain Saviour's gone.

2 Hell and thy Sins resist their Course;
But Hell and Sin are vanquish'd Foes;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to the Cross,
And sung the Triumph when he rose.

3 What tho' the Prince of Darkness rage,
And waste the Fury of his Spite;
Eternal Chains confine him down
To fiery Deeps and endless Night.

4 What tho' thy inward Lust rebel,
'Tis but a struggling Gasp for Life;
The Weapons of victorious Grace
Shall stay thy Sins and end thy Strife.

5 Then let my Soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heav'nly Gate;

There Peace and Joy eternal reign,
And glitt'ring Robes for Conqu'rors wait.

- 6 There shall I wear a starry Crown,
And triumph in Almighty Grace,
While all the Armies of the Skies
Join in my glorious Leader's Praise.

LII.

- 1 **O** Love divine, how sweet thou art !
When shall I find my willing Heart
All taken up with thee ?
I thirst, and faint, and die to prove
The Greatness of redeeming Love,
The Love of Christ to me.

- 2 Stronger is Love than Death or Hell,
Its Riches are unsearchable:
The First-born Sons of Light
Desire in Vain its Depths to see,
They cannot reach the Mystery,
The Length, the Breadth, the Height.

- 3 God only knows the Love of God ;
O that it now were shed abroad
In each poor stony Heart !
For Love I sigh, for Love pine ;
This only Portion, Lord, be mine ;
Be mine this better Part.

4 O that I could for ever sit,
 With *Mary*, at the Master's Feet;
 Be this my happy Choice:
 My only Care, Delight and Bliss,
 My Joy, my Heav'n on Earth, be this,
 To hear the Bridegroom's Voices.

5 O that, with humble *Peter*, I
 Could weep, believe, and thrice reply,
 My Faithfulness to prove:
 Thou know'st, for all to thee is known;
 Thou know'st, O Lord, and thou alone;
 Thou know'st that thee I love.

6 O that I could, with favour'd *John*,
 Recline my weary Head upon
 The dear Redeemer's Breast.
 From Care, and Sin, and Sorrow free,
 Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
 My everlasting Rest.

Thy only Love do I require,
 Nothing on Earth beneath desire,
 Nothing in Heav'n above:
 Let Earth and all its Trifles go,
 Give me thine only Love to know,
 Give me thine only Love.

LIII.

- 1 **J**ESU, what hast thou bestow'd
On such a Worm as me?
What Compassion hast thou shew'd
To draw me after thee?
Perfect then the Work begun,
All thy Goodness let me prove;
All thy Will in me be done,
Till all my Soul is Love.
- 2 Not by my own Righteousness,
Or Works that I have wrought,
Am I sav'd, but by thy Grace
Surpassing human Thought.
Nothing have I, nothing am,
Nothing I deserve but Hell;
Yet I glory in thy Name,
Yet I thy Mercy feel.
- 3 Thou a Spark of hallow'd Flame,
To me, ev'n me, hast giv'n,
Glows for Thee my whole Desire,
My Life, my inward Heav'n.
Dreams of Happiness below,
Never more will I pursue;
Jesus only will I know,
Whose Love is ever new.
- 4 Thou thy Hand on me hast laid,
And calm'd my stormy Will;

Nature

Nature's rapid Tide hast stay'd,
 And bid my Heart be still.
 Stablish thou my Heart in Peace ;
 Meek and lowly may I be ;
 Fill with all thy Gentleness,
 The Soul that hangs on thee.

5 Oft thou visitest my Breast,
 But O how short thy Stay !
 As the Mem'ry of a Guest,
 That tarrieth but a Day :
 Come, and all thy Foes expel,
 Fix me in thy constant Home ;
 With thy Father in me dwell ;
 Lord Jesus, quickly come.

LIV.

1 LORD of the Worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The Dwellings of thy Love,
 Thy earthly Temples are !
 To thine Abode
 My Heart aspires,
 With warm Desires,
 To see my God.

2 O happy Souls, that pray
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy Men, that pay
 Their constant Service there !

They

They praise thee still;
And happy they
Who love the Way
To Zion's Hill.

3 They go from Strength to Strength,
Thro' this dark Vale of Tears,
Till each arrive at length,
Till each in Heav'n appears.
O glorious Seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing Feet!

4 God is our Sun and Shield,
Our Light, and our Defence;
With Gifts his Hands are fill'd,
We draw our Blessings hence:
He shall bestow
On Jacob's Race
Peculiar Grace
And Glory too.

5 The Lord his People loves,
His Hands no Good withholds
From those his Heart approves,
From good and pious Souls.
'Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose Spirit trusts
Alone in thee.

LV.

1 **H**EAD of the Church triumphant,
 We joyfully adore thee;
 Till thou appear,
 Thy Members here
 Shall sing like those in Glory:
 We lift our Hearts and Voices
 With blest Anticipation,
 And cry aloud,
 And give to God
 The Praise of our Salvation.

2 While in Affliction's Furnace,
 And passing thro' the Fire,
 Thy Love we praise,
 Which knows our Days,
 And ever brings us nigher.
 We clap our Hands, exulting
 In thine Almighty Favour,
 The Love divine,
 Which made us thine,
 Shall keep us thine for ever.

3 Thou dost conduct thy People
 Thro' Torrents of Temptation;
 Nor will we fear,
 Whilst thou art near,
 The Fire of Tribulation.

The

The World, with Sin and Satan,
 In vain our March opposes ;
 By thee we shall
 Break thro' them all,
 And sing the Song of *Moses*.

- 4 By Faith we see the Glory
 To which thou shalt restore us ;
 The Cross despise
 For that high Prize
 Which thou hast set before us ;
 And if thou count us worthy,
 We each, with dying *Stephen*,
 Shall see thee stand,
 At God's right Hand,
 To take us up to Heaven.

LVI.

- 1 **O** What shall I do
 My Saviour to praise,
 So faithful and true,
 So plenteous in Grace !
 So strong to deliver,
 So good to redeem
 The weakest Believer
 That hangs upon him.

- 2 How happy the Man
 Whose Heart is set free,

The People that can
Be joyful in thee!
Their Joy is to walk in
The Light of thy Face,
And still they are talking
Of Jesus's Grace.

3 Their daily Delight
Shall be in thy Name ;
They shall, as their Right,
Thy Righteousness claim :
Thy Righteousness wearing,
And cleans'd by thy Blood,
Bold shall they appear in
The Presence of God.

4 For thou art their Boast,
Their Glory and Pow'r ;
And I also trust
To see the glad Hour :
My Soul's new Creation,
A Life from the Dead,
The Day of Salvation
That lifts up my Head.

5 For Jesus, my Lord,
Is now my Defence.
I trust in his Word ;
None plucks me from thence.
Since I have found Favour,
He all Things will do ;
My King and my Saviour
Shall make me anew.

G

6 Yes,

- 6 Yes, Lord, I shall see
 The Blifs of thine own;
 Thy Secret to me
 Shall soon be made known:
 For Sorrow and Sadness,
 I Joy shall receive,
 And share in the Gladness
 Of all that believe.

LVII.

- 1 **S**alvation! O the joyful Sound!
 'Tis Pleasure to our Ears;
 A sov'reign Balm to ev'ry Wound,
 A Cordial for our Fears.
- 2 Bury'd in Sorrow, and in Sin,
 At Hell's dark Door we lay;
 But we arise, by Grace divine,
 To see a heav'nly Day.
- 3 Salvation! let the Echo fly
 The spacious Earth around,
 While all the Armies of the Sky
 Conspire to raise the Sound.

LVIII.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By Faith and Love, in ev'ry Breast;
Then we shall know, and taste, and feel
The Joys that cannot be express'd.

2 Come fill our Hearts with inward Strength,
Make our enlarged Souls possess,
And learn the Height, the Breadth and
Length
Of thine unmeasurable Grace.

3 Now to the God, whose Pow'r can do
More than our Thoughts or Wishes know,
Be everlasting Honours done
By all the Church, thro' Christ his Son.

LIX.

1 GOD is a Spirit just and wise,
He sees our inmost Mind;
In vain to Heav'n we raise our Cries,
And leave our Souls behind.

2 Nothing but Truth before his Throne
With Honour can appear;
The painted Hypocrites are known
Thro' the Disguise they wear.

G 2

3 Their

3 Their lifted Eyes salute the Skies,
 Their bended Knees the Ground ;
 But God abhors the Sacrifice,
 Where not the Heart is found

4 Lord, search my Thoughts, and try my Ways,
 And make my Soul sincere ;
 Then shall I stand before thy Face,
 And find Acceptance there.

LX.

1 O Thou that hear'st when Sinners cry,
 Tho' all my Crimes before thee lie,
 Behold them not with angry Look,
 But blot their Mem'ry from thy Book.

2 Create my Nature pure within,
 And form my Soul averse to Sin ;
 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
 Nor hide thy Presence from my Heart.

3 I cannot live without thy Light,
 Cast out and banish'd from thy Sight:
 Thine holy Joys, my God, restore,
 And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
 His Help and Comfort still afford ;
 And let a Wretch come near thy Throne,
 To plead the Merit of thy Son.

- 5 A broken Heart, my God, my King,
Is all the Sacrifice I bring :
The God of Grace will ne'er despise
A broken Heart for Sacrifice.
- 6 My Soul lies humbled in the Dust,
And owns thy dreadful Sentence just :
Look down, O Lord, with pitying Eye,
And save the Soul condemn'd to die.
- 7 Then will I teach the World thy Ways,
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign Grace ;
I'll point them to my Saviour's Blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 8 O may thy Love inspire my Tongue !
Salvation shall be all my Song ;
And all my Pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord my Strength and Righteousness.

LXI.

- 1 **L**ORD, I'm the Man whom Thieves have
found,
And strip'd and naked left, and bound :
Wounded with Sin, I'm near to die,
And helpless in thy Way must lie.
- 2 The Priest hath heard my bitter Cries ;
He gave no Pow'r, but bid me rise ;

Bid me hold up my drooping Head;
 Lord, how can I, when almost dead?

3 I cannot rise, for I am chain'd,
 Wounded and sick, and bruis'd and pain'd:
 The Priest, he had no Strength to save,
 Pass'd on, no further Counsel gave.

4 The *Levite* then my Troubles saw;
 He help'd me not, but read the Law;
 He charg'd me strictly much to do,
 Then left my Wounds of Sin to flow.

5 O'erwhelm'd with Woe I here must lay,
 Till all my Life is run away,
 Except that good *Samaritan*
 Will come and heal my Wounds of Sin.

6 Jesus, thou'rt the *Samaritan*,
 Come, view my Wants, and weigh my
 Pain;
 Pass by me, Lord, my Troubles see;
 My wounded Soul cries out to thee.

7 Large are my Wounds, thine Hand apply
 To stay their Bleeding, lest I die:
 Thy Grace as Oil, thy Blood as Wine,
 Pour on, dear Lord, and make me thine.

8 If longer I must feel my Wounds,
 My Bruises, and my smarting Pains:
 I perish, Lord, except thou dress
 My Soul in thine own Righteousness.

- 9 O Christ, think on me, and receive
Me where the wounded Sinners live;
And when my Time is fully come,
Lord, pay my Charge and take me Home.

LXII.

- 1 **B**Ehold the Saviour of Mankind
Nail'd to the shameful Tree!
How vast the Love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!
- 2 Hark! how he groans, while Nature shakes,
And Earth's strong Pillars bend;
The Temple's Vail in sunder breaks,
The solid Marbles rend!
- 3 'Tis done! the precious Ransom's paid!
Receive my Soul, he cries:
See where he bows his sacred Head;
He bows his Head and dies.
- 4 But soon he 'll break Death's envious Chains,
And in full Glory shine:
O Lamb of God, was ever Pain,
Was ever Love like thine?

LXIII.

LXIII.

- 1 **C**OME we that love the Lord,
And let our Joys be known;
Join in a Song with sweet Accord,
And thus surround the Throne.
- 2 The Sorrows of the Mind
Be banish'd from the Place;
Religion never was design'd
To make our Pleasures less.
- 4 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God;
But Fav'rits of the heav'nly King
May speak their Joys abroad.
- 5 The God that rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy Sky,
And manages the Seas:
- 6 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He shall send down his heav'nly Pow'rs
To carry us above.
- 7 There shall we see his Face,
And never never Sin;
There, from the Rivers of his Grace,
Drink endless Pleasures in.

- 8 Yes; and before we rise
To that immortal State,
The Thoughts of that amazing Bliss
Should constant Joys create.
- 9 The Men of Grace have found
Glory begun below,
Celestial Fruits on earthly Ground,
From Faith and Hope may grow.
- 10 The Hill of *Zion* yields
A thousand sacred Sweets,
Before the heav'nly Fields
Or Walk in golden Streets.
- 11 Then let our Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be dry :
We're marching thro' *Imman'el's* Ground
To fairer Worlds on high.

LXIV.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my Title clear
To Mansions in the Skies,
I bid Farewel to ev'ry Tear,
And wipe my weeping Eyes.
- 2 Should Earth against my Soul engage,
And hellish Darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's Rage,
And face a frowning World.

3 Let

- 3 Let Cares, like a wild Deluge, come,
And Storms of Sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my Home,
My God, my Heav'n, my All.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary Soul
In Seas of heav'nly Rest,
And not a Wave of Trouble roll
Across my peaceful Breast.

LXV.

- 1 **O**UT of the Depths of Self-Despair
To thee, O Lord, I cry ;
My Mis'ry mark, attend my Pray'r,
And bring Salvation nigh.
- 2 Death's Sentence in myself I feel,
Beneath thy Wrath I faint.
O let thine Ear consider well
The Voice of my Complaint.
- 3 If thou art rig'rously severe,
Who may thy Test abide ?
Where can the Man of Sin appear,
Or how be justify'd ?
- 4 But O Forgiveness is with thee,
That Sinners may adore,
With filial Fear thy Goodness see,
And never grieve thee more.

5 I long

5 I long to see his lovely Face,
And wait to meet my Lord;
My longing Soul expects his Grace,
And rests upon his Word.

6 My Soul, while still to him it flies,
Prevents the Morning Ray:
O that his Mercy's Beams would rise
And bring the Gospel-Day!

7 Ye faithful Souls, confide in God,
Mercy with him remains;
Plenteous Redemption in his Blood
To wash out all our Stains.

8 His *Israel* himself shall clear,
From all their Sins redeem:
The Lord our Righteousness is near,
And we are just in him.

XLVI.

O Thou, whom fain my Soul would love,
Whom I would gladly die to know,
This Vail of Unbelief remove,
And shew me all thy Goodness, shew:
Jesu, thyself in me reveal;
Tell me thy Name, thy Nature still.

Haft thou been with we, Lord, so long,
Yet thee, my Lord, have I not known?
I claim thee with a fault'ring Tongue,
I pray thee in a feeble Grone,

Tell

Tell me, O tell me who thou art !
And speak thy Name into my Heart.

- 3 If now thou talkest by the Way
With such an abject Worm as me,
The My'stries of thy Grace display,
Open mine Eyes that I may see,
That I may understand the Word,
And now cry out, It is the Lord !
- 4 I know him by those Prints of Love ;
His bleeding Wounds are open wide ;
Thro' Faith, I handle him and prove,
I thrust my Hand into his Side :
I feel the Sprinkling of his Blood.
Jesus, thou art my Lord and God.

LXVII.

- 1 O For an overcoming Faith
To cheer my dying Hours,
To triumph o'er the Monster, Death,
And all his frightful Pow'rs.
- 2 Joyful, with all the Strength I have,
My quiv'ring Lips should sing :
O where 's thy boasted Vict'ry Death ?
And where 's the Monster's Sting ?
- 3 If Sin be pardon'd, I'm secure,
Death has no Sting beside :

The Law gives Sin its damning Pow'r ;
But Christ, my Ransom, dy'd.

- 4 Now to the God of Victory
Immortal Thanks be paid,
Who makes us Conqu'rors while we die,
Thro' Christ our living Head.

LXVIII.

- 1 OUR Spirits join t' adore the Lamb;
O that our feeble Lips could move
In Strains immortal as his Name,
And melting as his dying Love !

- 2 Was ever equal Pity found ?
'The Prince of Heav'n resigns his Breath ;
And pours his Life out on the Ground,
To ransom guilty Worms from Death.

- 3 Rebels ! we broke our Maker's Laws ;
He from the Threat'ning set us free ;
Bore the full Vengeance on his Cross,
And nail'd the Curses to the Tree.

- 4 The Law proclaims no Terror now,
And Sinai's Thunder roars no more :
From all his Wounds new Blessings flow,
A Sea of Joy without a Shore.

- 5 Here may we wash our deepest Stains,
And heal our Wounds with heav'nly Blood :
H Blest

Blest Fountain, springing from the Veins
Of Jesus our incarnate God !

- 6 In vain our mortal Voices strive
To speak Compassion so divine :
Had we a thousand Lives to give,
A thousand Lives should all be thine.

LXIX.

- 1 **T**HE Banners of our King appear,
The Myst'ry of his Cross doth shine;
The Maker of the World doth wear
The human Nature and divine.
Mysterious Love, unparallel'd !
What wond'rous Grace is here reveal'd !

- 2 The Soldier wounds him with a Spear;
Water and Blood flows from his Side:
Now, ye polluted Souls, draw near,
Wash, and be fully sanctify'd.
I trust in what my Lord hath done;
I glory in his Cross alone.
- 3 *Abra'm* rejoyc'd to see his Day;
By Faith he saw it and was glad:
And *David* and the Prophets say,
Jesus in crimson Robes is clad:
He with a Rod of Iron rules;
He kills Mens Sins, and saves their Souls.

4 How beautiful the Tree appear'd
 With Jesu's Blood, how bright it shone!
 The King of Kings aloft was rear'd;
 The purple Streams came flowing down:
 The Wood, which touch'd those sacred Limbs,
 Bore him who thus lost Souls redeems.

5 O holy Jesus, on the Cross,
 Author and Object of our Hope!
 Since thou hast suffer'd Death for us,
 We now with Confidence look up:
 Thy precious Blood hath bought our Peace,
 Thou art our Strength and Righteousness.

LXX.

MY drowsy Pow'rs, why sleep ye so?
 Awake, my sluggish Soul,
 Nothing has half thy Work to do;
 Yet nothing's half so dull.
 The little Ants, for one poor Grain,
 Labour, and lug, and strive;
 Yet we, who have a Heav'n t' obtain,
 How negligent we live?

We, for whose Sakes all Nature stands,
 And Stars their Courses move;
 We, for whose Guard the Angel Bands
 Come flying from above:

H 2

We,

We, for whom God the Son came down
And labour'd for our Good,
How careless to secure that Crown
He purchas'd with his Blood?

- 3 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our Parts?
Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly Hill,
And sit and warm our Hearts:
Then shall our active Spirits move,
Upwards our Souls shall rise;
With Hands of Faith, and Wings of Love,
We'll fly and take the Prize.

LXXI.

- 1 **L**IFE is the Time to serve the Lord,
The Time to ensure the great Reward;
And while the Lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest Sinner may return.

- 2 Life is the Hour that God has giv'n
To 'scape from Hell and fly to Heav'n;
The Day of Grace; and Mortals may
Secure the Blessings of the Day.

- 3 Then what my Thoughts design to do,
My Hands, with all your Might, pursue:
Since no Device, nor Work is found,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, beneath the Ground.

4 Then

- 4 There are no Acts of Pardon past
In the cold Grave, to which we haste;
But Darkness, Death, and long Despair,
Reign in eternal Silence there.

LXXII.

- 1 **L**ORD, and are we yet alive,
Not in Torments, not in Hell?
Still doth thy good Spirit strive,
With the Chief of Sinners dwell?
Yes: we will lift up our Eyes,
Will not of thy Love despair:
Still in Spite of Sin we rise;
Still to call thee ours we dare.

- 2 O the Length and Breadth of Love!
Jesu, Saviour, can it be?
All thy Mercy's Height I prove,
All its Depth is seen in me?
O the Miracle of Grace!
Tell it out to Sinners, tell,
(Fiends, and Men, and Angels gaze)
I am, I am out of Hell.

- 3 Turn aside, a Sight admire,
I the living Wonder am;
See a Bush that burns with Fire
Unconsum'd amidst the Flame!
See a Stone that hangs in Air;
See a Spark in Ocean dwell,

Kept alive with Death so near ;
I am, I am out of Hell !

LXXIII.

1 **W**HEN will worldly Trifles cease
To draw my Heart from God,
To disturb the solid Peace,
Jesus by thee bestow'd ?
From the World my Soul remove,
And let this War be o'er:
Jesus, let me taste thy Love,
And love this World no more.

2 What is then the World I crave ?
A World of Misery ;
Should I all its Pleasures have,
How empty would they be ?
Shall I then from Jesus rove,
To seek Delights so vain and poor ?
Jesus, let me, &c.

3 Wealth and Honour faintly shine,
Just like a short-liv'd Spark ;
They in Death expire, decline,
And leave us in the Dark ;
But the Joys in Christ we prove
For ever flourish and endure :
Jesus, let me, &c.

4 Still, alas ! Flesh, Sense and Pride,
And Lust, their Cause maintain :

This Contention to decide,
 I long have strove in vain.
 Come, dear Saviour, from above,
 In me display thy Grace and Pow'r:
 Jesus, let me, &c.

- 5 Whom do I desire in Heav'n,
 Or whom on Earth but thee? **W**
 Lord, if thou to me art giv'n,
 I live eternally.
 Let me thy true Riches prove,
 And fill me with thy choicest Store:
 Jesus, let me, &c.
- 6 Take me, Saviour, unto thee,
 And place me near thy Heart;
 Fix thy Dwelling, Lord, in me,
 And never more depart:
 Never from me stir or move;
 Be with and in me evermore:
 Jesus, let me taste thy Love,
 And love this World no more.

LXXIV.

- 1 **F**Ather of Mankind,
 Be ever ador'd!
 Thy Mercy we find,
 In sending our Lord
 To ransom and bless us;
 Thy Goodness we praise,
 For sending, in Jesus,
 Salvation by Grace,

2 O Son of his Love,
Who deignest to die,
Our Curse to remove,
Our Pardon to buy:
Accept our Thanksgiving,
Almighty to save,
Who openest Heaven
To all that believe.

3 O Spirit of Love,
Of Health and of Pow'r,
Thy Working we prove,
Thy Grace we adore,
Whose inward Revealing
Applies our Lord's Blood,
Attesting and sealing
The Children of God.

LXXV.

1 Infinite God! to thee we raise
Our Hearts in solemn Songs of Praise;
By all thy Works on Earth ador'd;
We worship thee the common Lord;
The everlasting Father own,
And bow our Souls before thy Throne.

2 Thee all the Choir of Angels sings,
The Lord of Hosts, the King of Kings:
Cherubs proclaim thy Praise aloud,
And Seraphs shout the triune God;

And

And holy, holy, holy, cry,
Thy Glory fills both Earth and Sky.

3 God of the Patriarchal Race,
The antient Seers record thy Praise;
The goodly apostolic Band
In highest Joy and Glory stand;
And all the Saints and Prophets join
T' extol the Majesty divine.

4 Head of the Martyrs noble Host,
Of thee they make their only Boast;
The Church to Earth's remotest Bounds
Her heav'nly Father's Praise resounds,
And strive with those around the Throne,
To hymn the mystic Three in One.

5 Father of endless Majesty,
All Might and Love they render thee;
Thy true and only Son adore,
The same in Dignity and Pow'r;
And God the Holy Ghost declare,
The Saints eternal Comforter.

6 Messiah! Joy of ev'ry Heart,
Thou, thou the King of Glory art!
The Father's everlasting Son,
Thee, thee we most delight to own!
Far all our Hopes on thee depend,
Whose glorious Mercies never end.

7 Rejoicing now in glorious Hope,
That thou at last will take us up:

With

With daily Triumph we proclaim,
And bless and magnify thy Name;
And wait thy Greatness to adore,
When Time and Death shall be no more.

- 8 Still let us, Lord, with Love be blest,
Who in thy Guardian Mercy rest:
The weakest Soul that trusts in thee,
Extend thy Mercy's Arms to me;
And never let me lose thy Love,
Till I, e'en I, am crown'd above.

LXXVI.

- 1 **O** Love divine, what hast thou done?
Th' immortal God hath dy'd for me;
The Father's coeternal Son
Bore all my Sins upon the Tree:
Th' immortal God for me hath dy'd;
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.
- 2 Behold him, all ye that pass by,
The bleeding Prince of Life and Peace!
Come see, ye Worms, your Maker die,
And say, Was ever Grief like his?
Come seal me with his Blood apply'd:
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd:
- 3 Is crucify'd for me and you,
To bring us Rebels near to God.
I now believe the Record true,
That I am bought with Jesu's Blood;
Pardon

Pardon flows from his bleeding Side:
My Lord, my Love is crucify'd.

- 4 Then let us sit beneath his Cross,
And gladly catch the healing Stream;
All Things for him account but Loss,
And give up all our Hearts to him;
Of nothing think, or speak beside:
My Lord, my Love was crucify'd.

LXXVII.

- 1 **L**ORD, I know not how to pray;
Help mine Infirmary:
Tell me, Father, what to say,
And I will speak to thee.
Wretched, poor and helpless, I
Would fain be taken to thy Breast:
Abba, Father, hear my cry,
And lull my Soul to Rest.
- 2 Ere I utter my Complaint,
My Wants to thee are known;
Need I tell thee that I want
The Spirit of thy Son?
Still, alas! for this I sigh:
Forlorn, forsaken and distress'd
Abba, Father, &c.
- 3 Once I knew thee reconcil'd,
And saw thy smiling Face;

Loving

Loving as a little Child
 I lisp'd my Father's Praise.
 Now I cannot find thee nigh,
 By Clouds of Sin and Grief oppress'd:
 Abba, Father, &c.

4 Ever hoping against Hope,
 I struggle to believe;
 Till thy Mercy lift me up,
 Contentedly I grieve:
 Weeping at thy Feet I lie,
 That I have so my God displeas'd:
 Abba, Father, &c.

5 Tho' thou seem to cast me out,
 And leave me still to mourn;
 Yet thou wilt, I dare not doubt,
 Thou wilt at last return:
 Thou canst not thyself deny,
 Of thee I shall be repossess'd:
 Abba, Father, &c.

6 Let me from this Moment give
 My fond Complainings o'er;
 Unto thee the Matter leave,
 And teach my God no more.
 When, and as thou wilt comply;
 But grant, O grant me my Request!
 Abba, Father, hear me cry,
 And lull my Soul to Rest.

LXXVIII.

1 **R**ejoice! the Lord is King!
 Your Lord and King adore.
 Mortals! give Thanks and sing,
 And triumph evermore:
 Lift up your Heart, lift up your Voice;
 Rejoice, again I say rejoice.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 The God of Truth and Love;
 When he had purg'd our Stains,
 He took his Seat above:
 Lift up your Heart, &c.

3 His Kingdom cannot fail;
 He rules o'er Earth and Heav'n;
 The Keys of Death and Hell
 Are to our Jesus giv'n:
 Lift up your Heart, &c.

4 He sits at God's right Hand,
 Till all his Foes submit,
 And bow to his Command,
 And fall beneath his Feet:
 Lift up your Heart, &c.

5 Rejoice in glorious Hope,
 Jesus the Judge shall come
 And take his Servants up
 To their eternal Home:

We soon shall hear th' Archangel's Voice,
The Trump of God shall sound, Rejoice,

LXXIX.

- 1 **M**Y God, my Life, my Love,
To thee, to thee I call ;
I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art All in All.
- 2 Thy shining Grace can cheer
This Dungeon where I dwell ;
'Tis Paradise when thou art here ;
If thou depart, 'tis Hell.
- 3 The Smilings of thy Face,
How amiable they are !
'Tis Heav'n to rest in thine Embrace,
And no where else but there.
- 4 Not all the Harps above
Can make a heav'nly Place,
If God his Residence remove,
Or but conceal his Face.
- 5 Nor all the Earth, nor all the Sky,
Can one Delight afford ;
No, not a Drop of real Joy
Without thy Presence, Lord.
- 6 Thou art the Sea of Love,
Where all my Pleasures roll ;

The Circle where my Passions move,
And Centre of my Soul.

- 7 To thee my Spirit doth fly
With infinite Desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie:
Dear Jesus, raise me high'r.

LXXX.

- 1 **T**HUS saith the Mercy of the Lord,
I'll be a God to thee;
I'll bless thy num'rous Race; and they
Shall be a Seed for me.

- 2 *Abram* believ'd the promis'd Grace,
And gave his Sons to God:
But Water seals the Blessing now,
That once was seal'd with Blood.

- 3 Thus *Lydia* sanctify'd her House,
When she receiv'd the Word:
Thus th' believing Jailor gave
His Household to the Lord.

- 4 Thus later Saints, eternal King,
Thine antient Truth embrace;
To thee their Infant-Offspring bring,
And humbly claim thy Grace.

LXXXI.

HOW gen'rous is *Immanuel's* Feast,
Prepar'd by Love divine !
How happy each believing Guest,
To taste the Bread and Wine !

2 We see on this blest Table laid,
The Lamb that once was slain :
His Blood's the Wine, his Flesh the Bread,
Broken and shed for Man.

3 Here Jesus gives his Saints a Treat
Of choicest heav'nly Food ;
And says, My body take and eat,
And drink my precious Blood.

4 My Body, broken in your Stead,
For your Repast I give ;
And for your Drink, the Blood I shed ;
Drink of it each and live.

5 Come, eat and drink abundantly,
Be chearful and be free ;
He that believes, shall never die,
But ever live with me.

6 Thus, entertain'd, his Saints rejoice,
From Condemnation freed ;
And join to sing with chearful Voice,
'Tis Meat and Drink indeed !

LXXXII.

LXXXII.

- 1 **L**AMB of God, whose bleeding Love
We thus recal to Mind,
Send the Answer from above,
And let us Mercy find :
Think on us, who think on thee,
And ev'ry strugg'ling Soul release :
O remember *Calvary*,
And bid us go in Peace !
- 2 By thine agonizing Pain
And bloody Sweat, we pray ;
By thy dying Love to Man,
Take all our Sins away :
Burst our Bonds, and let us free ;
From all Iniquity release :
O remember, &c.
- 3 Let thy Blood, by Faith apply'd,
The Sinner's Pardon seal ;
Speak us freely justify'd,
And all our Sickness heal.
By thy Passion on the Tree,
Let our Griefs and Troubles cease :
O remember, &c.
- 4 Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our Wants relieve ;
Write Forgiveness in our Hearts,
And all thine Image give.

Still our Souls shall cry to thee,
Till perfect in Holiness :
O remember *Calvary*,
And let us go in Peace !

LXXXIII.

- 1 **C**OME, my Brethren, let us praise
Jesus Christ in lofty Lays ;
Join with those around the Throne,
To adore God's only Son.
- 2 O what Depths of Love divine
In our great Redeemer shine !
Wisdom, Pow'r, and Righteousness,
Sit most glorious on his Face.
- 3 Who can give him Praises due ?
He hath form'd out Hearts anew.
Who can sing of Sins forgiv'n,
Whilst we taste the Joys of Heav'n ?
- 4 Let us ev'ry Moment be
Looking up, dear Lord, to thee ;
Gazing on thy smiling Face,
Wond'ring at thy sov'reign Grace.
- 5 What we know not, teach us, Lord,
Guide us by thy holy Word,
Till we're call'd by Death away,
To an everlasting Day.

6 When we join the heav'nly Throng,
In an everlasting Song,
We will tell of Mercies past,
While eternal Ages last.

LXXXIV.

1 **A**LL Glory to God,
And Peace upon Earth,
Be publish'd abroad
At Jesus's Birth :
The forfeited Favour
Of Heaven we find
Restor'd in the Saviour
And Friend of Mankind.

2 Then let us behold
Messias the Lord,
By Prophets foretold,
By Angels ador'd;
Our God's Incarnation,
With Angels proclaim,
And publish Salvation
In Jesus's Name.

Immanuel's Love
Let Sinners confess,
Who comes from above
To bring us his Peace :
Let ev'ry Believer
His Mercy adore,

And

And praise him forever,
When Time is no more.

LXXXV.

- 1 **A**H! lovely Appearance of Death,
No Sight upon Earth is so fair;
Not all the gay Pageants that breathe,
Can with a dead Body compare.
With solemn Delight I survey
The Corpse when the Spirit is fled:
In Love with the beautiful Clay,
And longing to lie in its stead.
- 2 How blest is our Brother, bereft
Of all that could burden his Mind!
How easy the Soul that hath left
This wearisome Body behind?
Of Evil incapable, those
Whose Reliques with Envy I see,
No longer in Misery now,
No longer a Sinner like me.
- 3 This Earth is affected no more
With Sickness, or shaken with Pain;
The War in the Members is o'er,
And never shall vex him again:
No Anger henceforward, or Shame,
Shall redden this innocent Clay:
Extinct is the animal Flame,
And Passion all vanish'd away.

- 4 This languishing Head is at Rest,
 Its Thinking and Acting are o'er;
 This quiet immoveable Breast,
 Is heav'd by Affliction no more:
 This Heart is no longer the Seat
 Of Trouble and torturing Pain;
 It ceases to flutter and beat;
 It never shall flutter again.
- 5 The Lids he so seldom could close,
 By Sorrow forbidden to sleep,
 Seal'd up in eternal Repose,
 Have strangely forgotten to weep:
 The Fountains can yield no Supplies;
 These Hollows from Water are free;
 The Tears are all wip'd from these Eyes,
 And Evil they never shall see.
- 6 To mourn and to suffer is mine,
 While bound in a I Prison I breathe;
 And still for Deliverance pine,
 And press to the Issues of Death.
 What now with Tears I bedew,
 O might I this Moment become!
 My Spirit created anew,
 My Flesh be consign'd to the Tomb.

LXXXVI.

- 1 **A**H! Sister in Jesus, adieu!
 Thy Warfare is happily o'er;
 Thy Spirit hath fought his Way through,
 And pitch'd on the heavenly Shore:
 Thy Course upon Earth is all run;
 The Days of thy Mourning are past;
 The Joys that above thou hast won,
 For ever and ever shall last,
- 2 O blessed Estate of the Dead;
 The Dead that have dy'd in the Lord!
 From Trouble and Misery freed,
 And sure of their endless Reward:
 By Sorrow no longer oppress'd,
 When join'd to the Spirits above;
 With Jesus in Glory they rest;
 They rest in the Arms of his Love,
- 3 What fulness of Rapture is there,
 While Jesus his Glory displays,
 And purples the heavenly Air,
 And scatters the Odours of Grace!
 He looks——and his Servants in Light
 The Blessing ineffable meet.
 He smiles——and they faint at the Sight,
 And fall overwhelm'd at his Feet.
- 4 How happy the Angels that fall,
 Transported at Jesus's Name;

The

The Saints whom he soonest shall call
To share in the Feast of the Lamb !

No longer imprison'd in Clay :

Who next from his Dungeon shall fly ?

Who first shall be summon'd away,

My merciful God ? — Is it I ?

5 O Jesus, if this be thy Will,

That suddenly I should depart,

Thy Council of Mercy reveal,

And whisper the Call to my Heart !

O give me a Signal to know,

If soon thou would'st have me remove,

And leave the dull Body below,

And fly to the Regions of Love.

6 Thou know'st, in the Spirit of Pray'r,

I groan for a speedy Release,

And long I have pin'd to be there,

Where Sorrow and Misery cease ;

Where all the Temptation is past,

And Loss and Affliction is o'er,

And Anguish is ended at last,

And Trouble and Death are no more.

LXXXVII.

1 JESUS, thy Name is sweet to me ;

For Works I would not part with thee :

Of all the Names in Heav'n above,

There's none so sweet as thine, my Love.

2 In

- 2 In thee immortal Beauties shine ;
In thee th' united Brethren join ;
In thee all ransom'd Souls delight ;
In thee thy Peoples Hearts unite.
- 3 Thou art our God, and thou alone ;
May we in Spirit all be one :
One with each other let us be ;
And one in Christ eternally.
- 4 Thy People, Lord, are of one Mind,
And each to each their Hearts are join'd :
Nor Earth, nor Hell, nor Depth, nor Height,
Their Fellowship can disunite.
- 5 Jesus, Jehovah's only Son,
With God the Father thou art one :
So are thy Children one with thee,
In sweet and endless Unity.
- 6 The World may all in Pieces break,
And Heav'n and Earth endure a Wreck ;
The Church of Christ for ever stands
Immoveable in Jesu's Hands.

LXXXVIII.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Lord, we look to thee,
Let us in thy Name agree ;
Shew thyself the Prince of Peace ;
Bid our Jars for ever cease.

- 2 By thy reconciling Love,
Ev'ry Stumbling-Block remove,
Each to each unite, indear :
Come and spread thy Banner here.
- 3 Make us of one Heart and Mind,
Courteous, pitiful and kind,
Lowly, meek in Thought and Word,
All together like our Lord.
- 4 Let us each for other care,
Each his Brother's Burden bear:
To thy Church the Pattern give ;
Shew how true Believers live.
- 5 Free from Anger and from Pride,
Let us thus in God abide ;
All the Depth of Love express,
All the Heights of Holiness.
- 6 Let us then with Joy remove
To thy Family above ;
On the Wings of Angels fly,
Shew how true Believers die.

LXXXIX.

1 L Oving Saviour, Prince of Peace,
Author of our Unity,
Making Wars and Jarrings cease,
Causing Men, tho' Foes, t' agree,
K Kindly

Kindly rule in us,
 Make us happily go on,
 Helping each to bear his Cross,
 Stedfast till our Work be done.

2 Let us, like a Flock of Sheep,
 Close together persevere,
 True by one another keep,
 Each esteeming very dear;
 All together move:
 Truly subject be the Whole;
 Bound in Bands of truest Love;
 One in Heart, and Mind, and Soul.

3 May we all one Faith maintain,
 One sole Doctrine witness too:
 Christ the Lord our God was slain,
 Slain for us; and this is true.
 He will ours abide;
 He will our dear Portion be;
 He, who on Mount *Cabo'ry* dy'd;
 Jesus, Jesus, only he.

4 Strive we who shall love him most,
 Who shall most in Faith excel,
 Who can of the Saviour boast,
 Who can most of Jesus tell.
 This employ us all:
 Daily this contend we for;
 Daily, till the Lamb shall call,
 Prospering daily more and more.

5 Let us Hand in Hand proceed,
 Little loving Children be;

Dead

Dead to Sin, to all Things dead,
 But alive, dear Lamb, to thee.
 So continue firm;
 While beneath us thou wilt lay
 Thy eternal outstretch'd Arm,
 Till we awake in endless Day.

XC.

- 1 **B**lessed are the Sons of God;
 They are bought with Christ's own
 Blood;
 They are ransom'd from the Grave;
 Life eternal they shall have.
- 2 God did love them in his Son,
 Long before the World begun:
 They the Seal of this receive,
 When on Jesus they believe.
- 3 They are justify'd by Grace,
 They enjoy a solid Peace:
 All their Sins are wash'd away;
 They shall stand in God's great Day.
- 4 They produce the Fruits of Grace,
 In the Works of Righteousness:
 They are harmless, meek and mild,
 Holy, humble, undefil'd.
- 5 They are Lights upon the Earth,
 Children of a heav'nly Birth,

Born of God, they hate all Sin,
God's pure Seed remains within.

- 6 They have Fellowship with God,
Thro' the Mediator's Blood:
One with God, with Jesus one;
Glory is in them begun.
- 7 Tho' they suffer much on Earth,
Strangers quite to this World's Mirth,
Yet they have an inward Joy,
Pleasure which can never cloy.
- 8 They alone are truly blest,
Heirs of God, Joint-Heirs with Christ.
With them number'd may I be,
Here, and in Eternity.

XCI.

- 1 **T**ELL us, O Women! we wou'd know
Whither so fast ye move?
*We, call'd to leave the World below,
Are seeking one above.*
- 2 Whence came ye? say—and what the Place
That ye are trav'ling from?
*From Tribulation, we, thro' Grace,
Are now returning Home.*

- 3 Is not your native Country here,
The Place of your Abode?
*We seek a better Country far,
A City built by God.*
- 4 Thither we travel, nor intend
Short of that Bliss to rest:
*Nor we, 'till in the Sinner's Friend
Our weary Souls are blest'd.*
- 5 We surely know that we shall have
Our Lot in Canaan's Land:
*The Witness us our Saviour gave,
Seal'd with his bleeding Hand.*
- 6 Christ is in us a certain Hope
Of Glory yet to come:
*Also to us did Jesus stoop
T' assure us, there is Room.*
- 7 Hail! highly-favour'd Women! ye
For endleis Heav'n design'd:
*Hail! Sons of Abra'am, you shall be
More blest'd than all Mankind.*
- 8 For you the Lamb, the Bridegroom waits,
His Bride shall you be made:
*And you with us (within his Gates)
Shall join the Lord our Head.*
- 9 Friends of the Bridegroom we shall reign:
Saviour, we ask no more:
*Hail! Lamb of God, for Sinners slain!
Whom Heav'n and Earth adore!*

XCH.

- 1 O Women ! whither travel ye ?
Where are you bent to go ?
*Poor Pilgrims, and despis'd are we,
Who Happiness would know.*
- 2 Where did you lately sojourn ? tell,
Simply relate your Case :
*We sojourn'd in the World, by Hell,
Till we were call'd by Grace.*
- 3 What is your Stock ; and what your Birth ?
Strangers ye seem to be :
*Our Stock is Christ, (scarce known on Earth)
Our Birth is Heavenly,*
- 4 Then are you near of kin to us,
Our Father is the Lamb :
*He us begat, we bear his Cross,
We wear his own new Name.*
- 5 Brethren rejoice ! our Saviour bless,
For these his Daughters are :
*Sisters be glad ! Ye Heirs of Peace,
Our Father's Sons are here.*
- 6 We greet you, Heav'n-born Maids, and own
With greatest Joy our Kin :
*We you salute, whom God will crown,
Kings over Death and Sin.*

7 We're

7 We 're pleas'd to see you Zion-ward,
Your narrow Way pursue :
*We thank our dearest Lamb, the Lord,
And say the same to you.*

8 Join then, O Damsels, highly lov'd!
To bless our Saviour's Hand :
*Amen, dear Brethren, till we 're mov'd.
To dwell in our own Land.*

XCH.

1 **N**OW, Lord, I know thy Saying's true,
That all, who wou'd thy Ways pursue,
Must thro' a Sea of Suff'rings run,
Before they can obtain the Crown*.

2 The Cross I feel is heavy, Lord;
But yet 'tis written in thy Word :
All that would follow thee, must thro'
A Life of Tribulation go.†

3 And, O my Soul, behold and see,
Jesus afflicted was for thee!
My God a Man of Sorrows was ;
And shall I then refuse the Cross ‡ ?

4 No ! Lord, if thou wilt give me Pow'r,
I'll triumph in this dying Hour.

Bid

Bid' thou my troubled Soul be still,
And then work on me all thy Will§.

5 Thro' Suff'rings thou wast perfect made ||
Then let me follow thee, my Head;
And in thy Strength go boldly on,
Till I obtain the starry Crown.

6 Then why, my Soul, art thou cast down*?
'Tis thro' this Road thy Lord has gone:
And tho' I suffer here much Shame,
Yet I at last with him shall reign;

7 Shall reign with him upon his Throne,
When Sin and Sorrow shall be gone†:
Mourning and Sighs shall be no more,
When once I reach the heav'nly Shore.

8 There, with the Host of Suff'ers, I
Shall sing to all Eternity:
I came thro' Tribulation's Road §,
And wash'd my Robes in Jesu's Blood.

XCIV.

1 **J**OIN all to praise the Name:
Of our all-conqu'ring Lord,
Who did for us appear,
According to his Word:

§ Phil. iv. 13. || Heb. ii. 10. * Psalm xliii.

† Isa. xxxv. 10. § Rev. vii. 13, 14.

His Pow'r and Strength
We now proclaim,
And bless our great
Redeemer's Name.

2 Fly Seraph, take the Coal
Which on the Altar lays,
And touch our Lips, that we
May join in heav'nly Praise ?
Then will we sound
Jehovah's Fame,
And bless our great
Redeemer's Name.

3 In our Distress we cry'd
Unto the Lord most high ;
Jehovah heard our Pray'rs,
And brought Deliv'rance nigh :
Therefore we 'll spread
Abroad his Fame,
And triumph in
Our Conqu'ror's Name.

4 The Vict'ry thou hast gain'd,
The Glory shall be thine :
O tune our Hearts to praise
The God of Truth divine.
Thy glorious Arm
We now proclaim,
And sing Hosannah
To thy Name.

CXV.

- 1 **J**ESUS, to thee all Pow'r is giv'n,
All Pow'r in Earth, all Pow'r in Heav'n;
At God's Right-hand thou now hast Place,
While Choirs of Angels sing thy Praise:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hosanna.
- 2 Begin the Song, ye Host above,
Who see his Face so full of Love;
Ye Angels and Archangels, join
To praise his Name in Hymns divine:
Hallelujah, &c.
- 3 Shout all the ransom'd Sons of God,
So dearly bought with Jesu's Blood;
We have the greatest Cause to sing,
The Children of the heav'nly King:
Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 We magnify his glorious Name,
Delight to spread the Saviour's Fame;
To him our Faith, our Hope aspire;
He fills our Hearts with heav'nly Fire:
Hallelujah, &c.
- 5 He is our Light, our Life, our Joy;
May we our Hearts and Lips employ
In shewing forth his ceaseless Praise,
The Wonders of redeeming Grace!
Hallelujah, &c.

- 6 All earthly Pleasures we despise,
To heav'nly Things we lift our Eyes,
We leave the World and Sin behind,
Eternal Rest and Bliss to find :

Hallelujah, &c.

- 7 When we thy Judgment-Seat on high
Behold, erected in the Sky,
We shall rejoice to see thee near;
A Crown of Life we then shall wear :

Hallelujah, &c.

- 8 There we shall join the heav'nly Throng
In one triumphant, endless Song,
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
For ever on his Throne to reign !

Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hosanna,

XCVI.

- 1 **E**Ternal Glory of the Skies,
Jehovah's everlasting Son,
Delightful Hope of mortal Eyes,
Thou lov'dst us e'er the Worlds begun ;
Thou didst in Time a Man become,
Descending thro' a Virgin's Womb.

- 2 In all thy Majesty arise ;
Now let thy fiery Pillar move :

Lord,

Lord, scatter all thine Enemies,
 Enflame us with almighty Love :
 The Dispensations of thy Grace,
 May we repay in Hymns of Praise.

- 2 Jesus, thou bright and Morning-Star !
 Spread thy refreshing Light abroad ;
 Let thy refulgent Beams declare
 The Presence of our Saviour God.
 Jesus, before thy glorious Ray,
 Darkness and Shadows flee away.
- 3 Lord, fill our Hearts with living Faith,
 And root and ground us in thy Love ;
 Upon our Spirits gently breathe,
 And sweetly lift our Souls above :
 When once on thee we fix our Eyes,
 All other Lovers we despise.
- 4 Eternal Father ! God of Grace !
 Maker and Saviour of Mankind,
 Inspire our Hearts to sing thy Praise,
 And make our Wills to thee resign'd ;
 The Root and Branch of Sin destroy ;
 Let us more largely thee enjoy.
- 5 Dear Saviour, take us for thy Spoil,
 O let our Loins with Truth be girt,
 Supply our Lamps with sacred Oil,
 Our fainting Spirits, Lord, support,
 Till we our heav'nly Country see,
 And sing immortal Hymns to thee.

XCVII.

1 **D**E A R Jesus, draw near,
And kindly give Ear:
Now, Lord, in this solemn Assembly appear.
Our God and our King,
Thy Praises we sing,
Thy Name to lost Creatures Salvation doth
[bring.]

2 In *Adam* we fell
From Heaven to Hell;
But Jesus the Sentence of Death doth repeal:
He stood in our Place,
And bore our Disgrace,
And dy'd to redeem our iniquitous Race.

3 No Sinner shall miss
Of Pardon and Peace,
Who truly can say that the Saviour is his.
They never shall die
Who on him rely,
For he is a Saviour exalted on high.

4 With fervent Desire
We stand and admire
Thy Mercy in saving our Souls from Hell-Fire.
All we who believe,
Forgiveness receive;
And we in his Kingdom for ever shall live.

XCVIII.

- 1 **O** Sinners ! now repent, repent ;
Your Hearts before Jehovah rent ;
Turn from your Sins, and you shall prove
That God is still a God of Love.
- 2 How long will ye in Darkness dwell,
And walk so near the Brink of Hell ?
When Jesus calls, why will ye die,
And perish everlastingly ?
- 3 Sinners ! obey the Gospel-Call ;
At Jesu's Feet for Mercy fall ;
His Arms of Love will you embrace,
'Tho' vilest of the human Race.
- 4 Drunkards ! forsake your Cups of Wine,
And rest your Souls on Grace divine :
For you the Saviour's Blood was spilt ;
With his good Spirit be ye fill'd.
- 5 Ye Prodigals ! whose youthful Blood
Inclines your Hearts to stray from God ;
Christ is the Life, the Way, the Truth,
To him devote the Flow'r of Youth.
- 6 Come now, ye aged Sinners, who
The Ways of Wisdom never knew ;

For-

Forgiveness in the Lord appears
For Sins of three or four-score Years.

- 7 Let ev'ry one that thirsteth come
To Jesu's Arms, for there is Room :
Repent, and in his Name believe,
And you Forgiveness shall receive.

XCIX.

- 1 **I**S this my Jesus ! this my God !
Whose Body, all o'erstream'd with Blood,
Hangs on the cursed Tree ;
Whose Temples pierc'd with Thorns, be-
smear
And clod with precious Blood his Hair ?
Yes, yes, my Soul, 'tis he.

- 2 What ! this my Saviour, this my Lord,
Whose dearest Hands with Nails were bor'd,
And fasten'd to the Tree ;
Whose loving Feet are nail'd thereto,
Dy'd with so deep a bloody Hue ?
Yes, yes, my Soul, 'tis he.

- 3 Is this my dear forgiving Friend,
Whose sacred Blood, as Rains descend,
Runs trickling down the Face ;
Who bows his Head, oppress'd with Pain,
But 'midst it all will not complain ?
Yes, yes, my Soul, 'tis he.

- 4 Is this, is this my Sacrifice,
 Who bows his Head, and calmly dies,
 High lifted on the Tree ;
 Unknown to *Gentiles*, scoff'd by *Jews*,
 Whom almost all Mankind refuse ?
 Yes, yes, my Soul, 'tis he.
- 5 And shall my Soul again forget
 His Love so free, his Love so great ?
 No ; never let it be :
 But let me always see the Lamb,
 And truly praise his precious Name,
 Who hung upon the Tree.

C.

- 1 **H**OW blessed is the Man that waits,
 Watching at Wisdom's beauteous
 Gate ;
 True Peace and Joy he shall obtain
 From Christ the Lamb, that once was slain.
- 2 Jesu, thou Friend of Sinners, hear ;
 Unto my fainting Soul draw near ;
 Oppress'd with Sin, a heavy Load,
 I grone for want of thee, my God.
- 3 The seeking Soul shall surely find
 The Saviour merciful and kind ;
 May I that happy Seeker be,
 And find eternal Life in thee !

4 Thou

4 Thou hast pronounc'd the Mourner blest,
Who in thy Bosom longs to rest;
May I that happy Mourner be,
Recline my weary Head on thee!

5 The weary Sinner in Distress,
By thee 's invited unto Rest;
May I that happy Sinner be,
And from my Bondage be set free!

6 No moral Virtue can I claim,
The Chief of Sinners is my Name;
O that I might with Patience wait
Till God renews my fallen State!

7 If Jesus saves a Soul so vile,
And on my mournful Spirit smile,
Then will I spread abroad his Fame,
And triumph in the bleeding Lamb.

8 I'll tell to all poor Sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found.
I'll point them to my Jesu's Blood,
And say, Behold the Way to God!

CI.

1 **L**ET all the People on the Earth
Join in a Song with heav'nly Mirth,
To praise the Lord with Heart and Voice,
In his most holy Name rejoice.

L 3

2 Our

- 2 Our God is mighty, just and good ;
He form'd us by his mighty Word ;
He is our Shepherd, and will keep
Our wand'ring Souls among his Sheep.
- 3 He leads us into Pastures green,
And there his beauteous Face is seen :
He feeds our Souls with Grace divine,
And makes our Hearts his blessed Shrine.
- 4 Come, enter then his House with Praise,
And there adore, in loftiest Lays,
Our glorious Saviour and our Friend,
Whose boundless Mercy knows no End.
- 5 O may we always know and feel
The Love of Christ unchangeable !
Let all our Hearts on him be plac'd,
Firmly abiding in his Grace.
- 6 His Word is true, and shall endure ;
All that believe it are secure :
Built on a Rock, they firmly stand,
Preserv'd in the Redeemer's Hand.
- 7 Tho' Heav'n and Earth shall pass away,
The Word of God shall not delay ;
His Truth, his Mercy, Love and Pow'r,
Remains the same for evermore.
- 8 Then let us trust his Grace and Pow'r,
That shall from Age to Age endure ;

Leaning

Leaning upon our Saviour's Breast,
Till we are call'd to endless Rest.

CII.

- 1 **F**ountain of Wisdom, God of Love,
Now send thy Spirit from above ;
The Gospel-Myft'ry to reveal,
The Love of Christ unspeakable !
- 2 Lord, let thy Word with Power come
To call poor wand'ring Sinners Home :
Give each an understanding Heart,
From ev'ry Evil to depart.
- 3 Scatter our Darknefs all away ;
Create in us the Gospel-Day ;
And fill our Souls with Light divine ;
Let thy blefs'd Glory on us shine.
- 4 May we thy Pow'r and Glory prove ;
(That precious Faith that works by Love)
Feel thee, dear Saviour, in our Hearts,
Which Life, and Joy, and Peace imparts.

CIII.

- 1 **J**ESUS, almighty Lord ! to thee,
Help a lost Sinner now to flee :
Wretched I am, and poor and blind ;
No solid Comfort can I find ;
My evil Heart, that dwells within,
Opposes Christ, and cleaves to Sin.
- 2 Lord, take away this evil Heart
Of Unbelief, and servile Fear ;
Let me from thee no more depart,
No more from thy wise Counsels err ;
But in the Path of Life go on
Steady, till I obtain the Crown.
- 3 Thou knowest my Infirmary ;
Also my Self-Deceit and Sin :
Keep fierce Temptations far from me ;
Or strengthen me the Day to win.
My whole and sole Support art thou,
When Snares and Sorrows round me flow.
- 4 My Nature is all Helplessness ;
To conquer Sin I have no Pow'r.
Jesus, let thy almighty Grace
Protect me in the fiery Hour.
Captain of my Salvation, thou
Subdue and vanquish ev'ry Foe.

CIV.

- 1 **L**ORD, thy Grace of Love impart;
Give a true believing Heart;
Take away the Heart of Stone;
Make thy great Salvation known.
- 2 Poor and vile I come to thee,
Full of Guilt and Misery:
Take the Burden from my Soul;
Make the helpless Sinner whole.
- 3 I have neither Will nor Pow'r,
Satan's ready to devour;
Sunk in Darkneſs, Doubts and Fears,
Till my deareſt Lord appears.
- 4 Riſe! thou Sun of Righteouſneſs,
Quiet now my troubled Breſt;
Dart thy Rays of Light in me;
Set my captive Spirit free.

CV.

- 1 **W**HILE others live in Mirth and Eaſe,
And feel no Want or Woe,
Thro' this dark howling Wilderneſs,
I full of Sorrow go.

Ah!

- 2 Ah ! faithless Soul, to reason thus,
And murmur without end,
Did Christ expire upon the Cross?
And is he not thy Friend ?
- 3 Why dost thou envy worldly Men,
And think their State so blest ?
How great Salvation hast thou seen,
And Jesus is thy Rest !
- 4 What can this lower World afford,
Compar'd with Jesu's Grace ?
Thy Happiness is in the Lord,
And thou shalt see his Face.
- 5 Can present Grievs be count'd great,
Compar'd with endless Woes !
Will transient Pleasures seem so sweet,
Compar'd with endless Joys ?
- 6 How soon will God withdraw the Scene,
And burn the World he made !
Then woe to carnal, careless Men !
My Soul lift up thy Head,
- 6 Thy Saviour is thy real Friend,
Constant, and true and good ;
He will be with thee to the End,
And bring thee safe to God.
- 7 What then, my Soul, hast thou to fear ;
Or why should'st thou repine ?

Look

Look up, behold, Redemption near
Rejoice, for Heav'n is thine.

CVI.

- 1 **L**ORD, work an inward Change in me,
Else outward Worship is but vain ;
Convert my Nature unto thee,
And let my Soul be born again.
- 2 Make clean my Heart, thou spotless Lamb ;
Wash me in thine atoning Blood ;
Give me Redemption thro' thy Name,
And reconcile my Soul with God.
- 3 Bring forth thy Robes of Righteousness ;
The Garments of Salvation bring :
Cover my Shame and Nakedness,
Before the Lord of Hosts my King :
- 4 Create my Heart so pure and clean,
That I like thee in Love may shine ;
Fill'd with a Sense of God within,
Possess'd with Holiness divine.

CVII.

- 1 **J**ESUS will meet his Flock to Day,
 Shall I in Sloth abide at Home?
 Shall I behind his People stay,
 While Jesus calls, There still is Room!
 I 'll go; it is the House of Pray'r;
 Who knows but God may meet me there?
- 2 To-day the Saviour feeds his Saints,
 And there the Christians meet their King;
 To him they open their Complaints,
 To him the holy Army sing:
 Into their Number I 'll presume,
 Since Jesus kindly bids to come.
- 3 How long did faithful *Anna* wait,
 And seek the Lord for four-score Years?
 Both Day and Night the Temple Gate
 She watch'd with many Groans and Tears;
 Nor would she leave the House of Pray'r,
 Till God vouchsaf'd to meet her there.
- 4 Lord Jesus, now permit me Pow'r,
 And like the Saint I 'll watch for thee;
 Content I 'll wait th' appointed Hour:
 O God! reveal thyself in me:
 Daily my Soul, within thy Gate,
 Shall for thy loving Kindness wait.

- 5 Remove Temptations, O my Lord,
 And let mine Enemies be slain,
 Which fain would draw me from thy Word,
 And plunge me in the World again:
 But when the Bridegroom shall appear,
 Lord, let my Soul be found in Pray'r.

CVIII.

1 **L**ORD, I come before thee now,
 At thy Feet I humbly bow:
 O do not my Suit disdain;
 Shall I seek thy Face in vain?

2 Lord, on thee I do depend,
 In Compassion now descend,
 Fill my Heart with thy rich Grace,
 Tune my Lips to sing thy Praise.

3 Lord, I know not how to go,
 Till a Blessing thou bestow;
 Give thy Spirit with thy Word;
 Seal my Soul an Heir of God.

4 Lord, I seek thee here to-day,
 This is thine appointed Way;
 Let thy Spirit now impart
 Jesu's Image on my Heart.

M

5 Blessed

- 5 Blessed Spirit, Lord of Pow'r,
Be thou present in this Hour;
Comfort now the mourning Soul;
Make the wounded Sinner whole.
- 6 Those that have abus'd thy Word,
And backslid from thee, O God,
With the openly Prophane,
Let them now be born again.
- 7 Lord, thy Bread of Life bestow
On thy Children here below;
We are come to meet our God;
Feed our Souls with thy blest Blood.

CIX.

LORD, in thy Temple we are come
To hear what thou shalt say:
O blessed Spirit, now descend,
And teach us how to pray!

- 2 Come from above, our dearest Lord,
And shadow o'er this Place;
Now let us know thy blessed Word,
And seal it with thy Grace.
- 3 O what a sad distracted Scene
This World to us appears!
A Field of Blood, a Sink of Sin,
A Vale of Grief and Tears.

4 When

- 4 When Comforts from the Lord we feel,
Farewel to Care and Noise;
For in thy Courts, O Lord, we dwell,
And with thy Saints rejoice.
- 5 Our Happiness, when we agree
To love and praise the Lord,
The carnal World did never see,
And therefore hate thy Word.
- 6 Thy earthly Temples here below
Resemble Heav'n above;
Where living Streams of Pleasure flow,
Of Jesu's dying Love.
- 7 Write thy new Name upon each Heart,
And melt our Hearts of Stone;
Remove whate'er our Souls may part
From thee and thy dear Son.

CX.

- 1 **O** Blessed Jesus, God's dear Son,
The holy Woman's Seed!
For thy Name's sake, O Lord, look down,
And hear a Sinner plead.
- 2 Didst thou not come, the Stray'd to find,
To seek and save the Lost,
To bless the Poor among Mankind?
Lord, I am one, thou know'st!

M 2

3 Thou

- 3 Thou know'st that I a Sinner am,
To me Repentance give;
Cover my Sin, and hide my Shame,
And teach me to believe.
- 4 I own myself a sinful one,
A foolish Child, and poor;
Forgive the Follies I have done,
Think on my Sins no more.
- 5 Remember not, but O forgive
My weary Sin-sick Soul!
Pass by me, Lord, say, Sinner, live,
My Grace hath made thee whole.

CXI.

- 1 **H**ERE 's Room for you, ye Poor and
Blind,
You Sin-disorder'd Throng,
Jesus the Saviour calls; to you
His Blessings all belong.
- 2 The Rich, Self-righteous, feel no Want,
But scornful shun the Feast,
While empty, guilty Souls are fill'd
With Jesu's pard'ning Grace.
- 3 'Twas with your Sins our Jesus gron'd,
When hung upon the Tree;

His

His precious Blood run trickling down,
To set lost Sinners free.

4 'Twas with your Sins his Soul was try'd;
Your Punishment he bore;
And Sinners liv'd, when Jesus dy'd;
He lives to die no more.

5 What then, my Soul, is this I hear?
'Tis Love beyond Degree:
Did Christ the Lord for Sinners die?
Then sure he dy'd for me.

6 Among the Poor, the Halt, the Blind,
This Sin-disorder'd Throng:
Then let me hear thy Word, O Lord,
And praise thee with my Tongue.

CXII.

1 JESUS, Lord, I come to thee,
Thou 'st oft invited me:
Surely now I would be blest;
Give me, Lord, thy promis'd Rest.

2 All my Bus'ness and Concern
Is of thee, my Lord, to learn;
Shew me thy first Lesson, shew;
Now, alas! I nothing know.

- 3 Gentle thou and meek in Heart,
All Humility thou art;
I am full of Wrath and Pride;
How unlike my lovely Lord!
- 4 But thou canst my Soul transform,
Humble an aspiring Worm,
My unbroken Spirit break,
Make the angry Leopard meek.
- 5 Thou art greater than my Heart,
Unto me thy Spir't impart;
Sink the Proud, and tame the Wild,
Change me to a little Child.
- 6 Calm, Lord, calm my troubled my Breast;
Let me gain that second Rest;
In the first Res'rection's Pow'r
Keep me, Jesus, ev'ry Hour.
- 7 Turn me, Lord, to love thee now,
To thy Yoke my Spirit bow;
Grant me now the Pearl to find,
Of a meek and quiet Mind.
- 8 Soon, or later then remove,
Take me to thy Rest above:
All's alike to me, so I
In my Lord may live and die.

CXIII.

- 1 **O** Ev'ry one that thirsteth come,
And praise with me a dying God :
Who ever unto Jesus come,
He 'll wash and cleanse them in his Blood.
- 2 Here, at thy Cross, my dying God,
I lay my Soul beneath thy Love,
Beneath the Dropings of thy Blood ;
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.
- 3 Not all that Tyrants think or say,
With Rage and Light'ning in their Eyes ;
Nor Hell shan't fright my Soul away,
Should Hell with all its Legions rise.
- 4 Should Worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Unmov'd and firm my Soul shall lie
Resolv'd, for that 's my last Defence,
If I must perish, there to die.
- 4 Jesus, thou 'rt worthy, who was slain ;
Thou Prince of Peace, that gron'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign
At thy almighty Father's Side.
- 6 But spea , my Lord, and calm my Fear,
Am I not safe beneath thy Shade ?
Thy Vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dares my Soul invade.
- 7 Yes ;

- 7 Yes; I'm secure beneath thy Blood,
And all my Foes shall lose their Aim:
Hosanna to my dying God,
And my best Honours to his Name.

CXIV.

- 1 **O** Almighty God,
My Saviour and King,
Thy Succour afford,
Thy Righteousness bring;
Thy Promises bind thee
Compassion to have:
Now, Lord, let me find thee
Almighty to save.

- 2 Rejoicing in Hope,
And patient in Grief,
To thee I look up,
Lord, send me Relief:
I fear no Denial,
No Danger I fear,
Nor start from the Trial,
If Jesus is near.

- 3 I every Hour
In Jeopardy stand,
But thou art my Pow'r,
And holdest my Hand:

Whilst

Whilst yet I am calling,
Thy Succour I feel;
It saves me from falling,
And plucks me from Hell!

4 O who can explain
This Struggle of Life;
This Travail and Pain,
This trembling and Strife!
Plague, Earthquake and Famine,
And Tumult and War,
The wonderful Coming
Of Jesus declare.

5 For every Fight
Is dreadful and loud;
The Warrior's Delight
Is Slaughter and Blood;
His Foes overturning,
Till all shall expire;
But this is with burning
And Fuel of Fire:

6 Yet God is above
Men, Devils and Sin,
And Jesus's Pow'r
The Battle shall win.
So terribly glorious
His Coming shall be;
His Love all Victorious
Shall conquer for me!

7 He all will break thro'
By Truth, and his Grace
Shall bring me into
The plentiful Place ;
Thro' much Tribulation,
Thro' Water and Fire,
Thro' Floods of Temptation
And Flames of Desire.

8 On Jesus's Pow'r
'Till then I rely,
All Evil before
His Presence must fly.
'Tis thro' my dear Saviour
My Fear shall depart :
Lord Jesus, for ever
Come reign in my Heart.

CXV.

1 JESUS cometh ! countless Trumpets
Blow before the bloody Sign !
'Midst ten thousand Saints and Angels
See the Glorified shine !
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb !

2 Jesu's Merit, by the Harpers,
Thro' th' eternal Deep resounds :

Now

Now resplendent shine his Nail-Prints,
 Ev'ry Eye shall see his Wounds :
 They who pierc'd him, they who pierc'd him,
 they who pierc'd him,
 Shall at his Appearance wail.

3 Ev'ry Island, Sea and Mountain,
 Heav'n and Earth shall flee away :
 All who hate him must ashamed
 Hear the Trump proclaim the Day :
 Come to Judgment, come to Judgment,
 come to Judgment,
 Quick and Dead shall hear the Sound.

4 You that love him; view his Glory
 Shining in his bruised Face !
 This our Jesus, on the Rainbow,
 All his Peoples Heads shall raise :
 Happy Mourners, happy Mourners, happy
 Mourners,
 Lo ! on Clouds our Jesus comes !

5 Now Redemption, long expected,
 See ! in solemn Pomp appear ;
 All his People, once despised,
 Gladly meet him in the Air :
 This our Jesus, he will save us, he will
 save us :
 Now the promis'd Kingdom's come.

6 Come, faith Christ, ye Heirs of Glory,
 You the Purchase of my Blood,

Blest

Blest ye are, and blest you shall be,
 Now ascend the Throne of God:
 Angels guard them, Angels guard them,
 Angels guard them
 To the Realms of endless Day.

7 View him smiling, now determin'd
 Ev'ry Evil to destroy:
 All the Nations now shall sing him
 Songs of everlasting Joy:
 O come quickly, O come quickly, O come
 quickly!
Hallelujah, come, Lord, come!

CXVI.

1 COME, Lord, from above,
 The Mountains remove,
 O'erturn all that hinders the Course of thy Love:
 My Bosom inspire,
 Inkindle the Fire;
 Lord! wrap my whole Soul in the Flames of
 Desire.

2 I languish and pine
 For the Comfort divine;
 O when shall I say, My Beloved is mine!
 We chuse the good Part,
 When our Portion thou art;
 O Lord, let me find thee, my God, in my Heart!

3 For

3 For this my Heart sighs,
Nought else can suffice:

How, Lord, can I purchase that Pearl of great
It cannot be bought; [Price?

Thou know'st I have nought,
Not an Action, a Word, or a truly good
[Thought.

4 Thy Word, Lord, doth say,
Without Money we may

Receive it, who ever hath nothing to pay:

Who on Jesus relies,
Without Money or Price

The Pearl of Forgiveness and Holiness buys.

5 Thy Blessing is free,
Now, Lord, let it be,

That Jesus's Love should be given to me.

May I freely receive

What thou freely doth give,

Rejoicing in Jesus's Merits believe.

6 The Gift I'll embrace,

The Giver I praise,

And ascribe my Salvation to Jesus's Grace.

Christ purchas'd the Grace

Which now I embrace,

And laid down his Life to save a lost Race.

CXVII.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Lord, let me receive,
In thy Faith now let me live;
Day and Night I cry to Thee,
As thou art, Lord, let me be.
- 2 My Mind is toss-like Waves of Sea,
Jesus, fix my Heart on thee,
Earthly Passions, Lord, remove,
Swallow up my Soul in Love.
- 3 Jesus, see my panting Breast,
Lord, I want in thee to rest;
Cleanse and keep me ev'ry Hour,
Slay thou Sin in all its Pow'r.
- 4 I 'm full of Misery and Guilt:
Have Mercy, Lord! I know thou wilt.
Whine I am, thou Son of God,
Bought with thy atoning Blood.
- 5 In lively Faith let me believe,
Unto me thy Spirit give;
O let me see thee Face to Face,
Joy and glory in thy Grace!
- 6 Come, ye Sinners, see the Flame
Rising from the Lord, the Lamb!

Come,

Come, and know the living Way,
Leading to eternal Day,

7 Why will you live in Nature's Night,
When Jesus is the very Light?
Jesu's quick'ning Power prove,
You shall know, that God is Love.

8 You that are athirst for God,
Watching to receive his Word;
Whoso waiteth, shall at length
In the Lord renew their Strength.

9 Grace and Truth, and Pow'r divine,
From the Wounds of Jesus shine;
He, to save us, shed his Blood,
Clos'd his Eyes to shew us God.

CXVIII.

1 COME Home my Thoughts, vain World
be gone,
Let my religious Hours alone:
O may mine Eyes my Jesus see!
I want a Visit, Lord, from thee.

2 O Jesus Lord, tell me, I pray,
Where feedest thou thy Flock to-day?
My Soul is all athirst to taste
The Sweetness of redeeming Grace.

- 3 Lord, warm my Heart with holy Fire,
Kindle in me a pure Desire;
Come, my dear Jesus, from above,
And fill my Soul with heav'nly Love.
- 4 From spiteful Foes me safely keep
Among the Thousands of thy Sheep;
Control the Deluge ere it spread,
And roll its Waves quite o'er my Head.
- 5 Blest Jesus, what delicious Fare!
How sweet thy Entertainments are!
Never did Angels taste above,
Redeeming Grace and dying Love.
- 6 Thou great Immanuel! Lord divine,
In thee thy Father's Glories shine:
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest One,
That Eyes have seen, or Angels known!

CXIX.

- 1 COME, you that pass by, view the Man,
Th' Man of Sorrow for you condemn'd,
The Son of God for Sinners slain;
Come ye to Calv'ny, behold th' Man!
- 2 See how his Back the Scourges tear!
The Plough-Shares make long Furrows
there:

While

While to the bloody Pillar bound,
His Body writhes with many a Wound.

3 With Nails they fasten to the Wood
The Hands and Feet of Christ the Lord;
His sacred Limbs they stretch, they tear,
His Body lies expos'd and bare.

4 Come see the Thorns his Temples crown,
His Spirits faint, his Head bow down,
His bleeding Hands extended wide,
The Fountain gushing from his Side.

5 Beneath my Load he faints, he dies,
My Sins have caus'd his Groans and Cries;
I fill'd his Soul with Pangs unknown,
I kill'd the Father's only Son.

6 O thou dear suff'ring Son of God,
To me apply thy precious Blood;
How doth thy Heart to Sinners move!
Lord, let me taste thy dying Love.

7 Lord, let me see thine Agonies,
That I with thee may sympathize;
And know the Suff'rings of my Lord,
And feel the Power of thy Blood.

CXX.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou wounded Lamb of God,
Come wash me in thy cleansing Blood;
I thirst, dear Lord, O teach me how
My Sin-sick Soul to thee may bow.
- 2 Take my poor Heart, and let it be
For ever clos'd to all but thee:
Seal thou my Breast, and let me wear
The Pledge of Love for ever there.
- 3 Blest are thy Children who abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding Side,
Who Life and Strength from thee derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.
- 4 What are my Works but Sin and Death?
O Lord, thy quick'ning Spirit breathe
On my dry Bones, and bid me rise
From Sin and Death thy Name to praise!
- 5 O boundless Love that saves from Hell
To all lost Sinners will I tell;
Thy Love alone can Sinners raise
From Gates of Hell to boundless Grace.
- 6 O Lord, my King, how can it be!
Shall Sinners live and reign with thee?
Make Slaves the Part'ners of thy Throne,
And give a never-fading Crown?

- 7 My Heart doth melt, my Eyes o'erflow,
My Words are lost, nor will I know,
Nor will I think of ought beside,
Jesus, my Lord, was crucify'd.
- 8 Ah, Lord, bring home each wand'ring
Thought,
And let me by thy Word be taught ;
Unloose my stamm'ring Tongue to tell,
Thou art a God unchangeable.
- 9 First and Last, Jesus art thou,
And ev'ry Knee to thee shall bow ;
The Heav'ns above, and Earth below,
Thy mighty Power all shall know.
- 10 Jesus, thou bright and Morning-Star !
Unto my watching Soul repair ;
Lord, all I have, to thee I give,
Thine may I die, thine may I live.

CXXI.

- 1 COME, Lord Jesus, Prince of Peace,
Lord of Pow'r and Unity,
Make my Doubts and Fears to cease,
Let my Soul find Rest in thee.
- 2 Rule, subdue my earthly Passions
That do war against my Soul ;
Thro' this Furnace of Afflictions,
Bring me out as pure as Gold.
- 3 Keep

- 3 Keep me from a repining Spirit,
In this World I naked came ;
Dust is all that I inherit,
Dust I shall become again.
- 4 The Pleasures of this dying World
Like to Shadows pass away ;
But the Glories of our Jesus
Shine unto eternal Day.
- 5 Let me bear my Cross, Lord Jesus,
Day by Day to follow thee,
Thro' this Valley of Blasphemers,
Keep me in thy heav'nly Way.
- 6 By thine Arm, almighty Jesus,
Give thy Sin-subduing Pow'r ;
From the Snares of Men and Devils,
Keep me in the trying Hour.
- 7 Jesus, thou 'rt the Woman's Seed,
Quickly let thy Kingdom come ;
Bruise in me the Serpent's Head,
With all his Pow'r cast him down.
- 8 Tho' he left his Habitation,
Thought to make an awful Prey,
Chain him in eternal Darkness
Unto the great Judgment-Day.
- 9 While I 'm passing thro' this Word,
Jesus keep me near thy Side,

That

That I may not grieve thy Spirit,
No, nor from my God backslide.

10 I bleſs thee for thy Death and Paſſion;
Moſt high God triumphant reign,
With thy Saints give me thy Kingdom
For ever, ever, and Amen.

CXXII.

1 COME, let us magnify the Lord,
And triumph in his Name;
Jeſus is th' incarnate Word,
The glorious great I A M.

2 His boundleſs Mercy, who can tell?
He hears the Sinner's Cry,
And raiſes from their loſt Eſtate,
And fills their Souls with Joy.

3 Can Sinners e'er forgetful be
Of Jeſu's noble Fame?
His mighty Arm exalted me,
And Holy is his Name.

4 Then let us love and fear the Lord,
Divinely ſing his Praise,
To all Eternity record
The Riches of free Grace.

5 All those who with a filial Fear
His Majesty adore,
Shall prove his Mercy always near,
The same for ever more.

6 O Sinners ! see the mighty Flame
That rose from Jesu's Blood,
For to appease his Father's Wrath,
And bring us Home to God.

7 With Angels and Archangels all,
We bow before the Throne ;
There at the Seat of Mercy fall,
And praise the Three in One.

CXXIII.

1 **L**ORD, what a dying World is this !
For me there's no abiding Place ;
What Scenes of Grief and solid Woe,
Like Floods of Water, round me flow ?
What Clouds and Storms of Sorrows rise,
What carnal Sports offend mine Eyes ?

2 When, O my Soul, wilt thou remove
From hence to yonder Realms above,
And set thy Foot on heav'nly Shore,
And Sin against thy God no more,
Behold thy Jesus Face to Face,
And joy and glory in his Grace ?

- 3 How have I wander'd on this Earth,
An Heir of Wrath and Hell by Birth,
My Sins were neither few nor small,
But long for Judgment they did call,
Jesus my Wretchedness did see,
He made his Goodness pass by me.
- 4 How little do I know of God,
While I in Flesh have my Abode?
O Lord, increase my Faith in thee,
And take up thy Abode in me;
Then shall I know, as I am known,
And see thee shining on thy Throne.
- 5 Now I have tasted Love divine,
I cannot rest till all is mine;
To dwell in Peace with God above,
And be dissolv'd in Jesu's Love:
When shall I leave this fleshly Load?
My Soul is all athirst for God.
- 6 The Love of God, what shall I say?
It turns our Darkness into Day:
Thy Love, beyond Expression great,
Fills me with Joy divinely sweet:
Thy boundless Love is all my Song,
I pant and cry, O Lord, how long!
- 7 Snares and Temptations round me flow,
Why are thy Chariot-Wheels so slow?
Haste, my dear Lord, and set me free,
And take my poor Soul Home to thee:
Saviour,

Saviour, is not thy Coming near,
In Glory when wilt thou appear ?

CXXIV:

1 O Thou great and mighty Saviour !
Lord, ador'd by Heav'n and Earth,
Reign triumphant, blest for ever,
Thou hast conquer'd Hell and Death :
Down did go,
Ev'ry Foe
Sunk beneath thy Pow'r.
Now we praise the Lord triumphant,
Jesus Christ the Sinner's Comfort.

2 O omnipotent Lord, Jehovah !
Thou art God of Heav'n and Earth ;
Glory, Majesty and Power,
Be ascrib'd to th' Lord of Truth :
We raise our Voice,
And rejoice,
Jesus is our Saviour :
Angels join the heav'nly Concert,
Jesus is the Sinner's Comfort.

3 On a Throne of azure Glory,
Circled round with Light divine,
There behold the Father's Beauty
In the Face of Jesus shine :

Now

Now we sing
To our King,
Whose Blood alone doth free us.
O ev'ry one come join in Concert,
Jesus is the Sinner's Comfort.

4 Kings and Priests our God hath made us,
To offer up the Blood divine
Of the most holy Child our Jesus,
That cleanses all the Sins of Men.
When apply'd
From his Side
To the lepros'd Sinner:
He with Joy will join the Concert,
Jesus Christ the Sinner's Comfort.

5 Ho, ev'ry one that thirsts, now come,
Drink ye of the living River,
God hath open'd it by his Son,
To comfort every Believer.
Pardon, Love,
From above,
Flow to us, tho' Sinners:
Him we'll worship who did save us,
Bow down to the Feet of Jesus.

CXXV.

1 **W**HEN shall my Eyes behold my God?
When shall thy lovely Face be seen?
What Hills of Guilt, (a heavy Load!)
What Lengths of Distance lie between?

O

2 Ye

- 2 Ye heav'nly Gates, loose all your Chains,
Let the eternal Pillars bow ;
Blest Jesus, cleave the starry Plains,
Lord, make the chrystal Mountains flow.
- 3 Hark ! how the Saints unite their Cries,
And pray and wait the gen'ral Doom ;
Come thou, the Soul of all our Joys,
O come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.
- 4 My Heart-Strings grone with deep Complaint,
My Flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee,
And ev'ry Limb, and ev'ry Joint,
Stretches for Immortality.
- 5 O let our chearful Eyes survey
The blazing Earth and melting Hills,
And smile to see the Light'nings play
And flash along before thy Wheels.
- 6 Hark ! what a Shout of heav'nly Joys
Join with the mighty Trumpet's Sound !
The Angel Herald shakes the Skies,
Awakes the Dead, and tears the Ground.
- 7 Ye slumb'ring Saints, ye heav'nly Host,
Why stand you at your gaping Tombs ?
Let ev'ry sacred sleeping Dust
Leap into Life, for Jesus comes.
- 8 Jesus, our God of Might and Love,
New mould our Limbs of glorious Clay ;
Quick,

Quick, as seraphic Flames, we move,
To reign with him in endless Day.

CXXVI.

1 **B**Lessed Jesus undefil'd,
Lord Jehovah, *Mary's* Child !
Thou didst shed thy precious Blood,
Lamb-like started on the Wood.

2 Juſt like harmleſs Sheep before
Shearers when their Fleece is ſhore,
Thou didſt ſtand, O God of Truth,
Dumb and open'd not thy Mouth.

3 Why ſhould'ſt Thou in Silence be,
Since there was no Sin in thee?
Surely Sinners ſtrangely us'd
Thee, their Friend, yet thee abus'd.

4 Pointed Thorns, and Nails, and Spear,
Did thy ſacred Body tear :
And why ? what Evil hadſt thou done ?
Thou the Father's only Son.

5 What a Rebel have I been !
Thy Father laid on thee my Sin ;
Thou, by dying on the Croſs,
Sav'd my Soul which Sin had loſt.

- 6 O thou Bishop of my Soul!
Shepherd of God's heav'nly Fold,
Thou didst die for to redeem
Sinners, who have Rebels been.
- 7 What a Mystery is this!
Justice now doth Mercy kiss;
Righteousness and Peace divine
From the Wounds of Jesus shine.
- 8 All the Attributes of God
Harmonize in Jesu's Blood;
Justice, Mercy, Peace and Truth,
Join'd to save my Soul from Death.
- 9 O my God, my dying Friend,
In Safety keep me to the End;
Tho' I did from thee depart,
Still thou bore me on thy Heart.
- 10 Jesus, keep me near thy Side,
Never let me more backslide,
Keep me in thy heav'nly Road,
Till I'm dead to all but God.

CXXVII.

- 1 Sinners, hear the Name of Jesus,
Who reigneth Lord of Heav'n and Earth,
This the *Immanuel*, God with us,
Prais'd by an immortal Breath:

Come

Come with me,
Look and see

In the Hands of Jesus;
There's the Name of Sinners written,
That worshippeth the Lord from Heaven.

- 2 Why will you die for Want, O Sinners,
When Jesus kindly bids you come;
Come ye to the Marriage-Supper
Of the glorious great I AM.

Sin forsake,

Jesus take;

He's the Lord victorious:
Jesus waits for to receive thee,
And will make thee shine most glorious.

- 3 Poor and blind, and aged Sinners,
To the Marriage-Supper come;
With you 'tis th' eleventh Hour,
What have you for Jesus done?

God will appear,

Time draws near,

Be ye also ready:
O how oft has God invited!
You again his Son have flighted.

- 4 O ye young Ones in your Glory,
Make ye not the Bridegroom wait:
Is not he, the Lord Jehovah,
Knocking at the Sinner's Gate?

Cast off Sin,

Let him in,

Lest he'll wait no longer:

O 2

Know

Know th' Day of your Visitation,
Jesus, and the new Creation.

CXXVIII.

- 1 **H**Earts of Stone, relent, relent,
Break by Jesu's Cross subdu'd,
See his Body mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a Gore of Blood.
Sinful Soul, what hast thou done?
Murder'd God's eternal Son.
- 2 Yes, my Sins have done the Deed,
Drove the Nails that fix'd him there,
Crown'd with Thorns his sacred Head,
Pierced with the Soldier's Spear,
Made his Soul a Sacrifice;
For a sinful World he dies.
- 3 Can we view him thus in Pain?
Still to Death pursue our God?
Open tear his Wounds again?
Trample on his precious Blood?
No; with all our Sins we'd part;
Jesus, give a broken Heart.

CXXIX.

WHEN I behold the heav'nly State,
The Rest that doth the Saints await,
How full of Comfort is my Soul!
What Streams of Bliss around me roll!

- 2 Above the World by Faith we rise,
And taste the Joys above the Skies;
With Angels feast, with Angels join,
In Hymns immortal and divine.
- 3 On Wings of Love still upwards borne,
We look on all below with Scorn;
The Pains and Pleasures of this Life
Afford us neither Joy nor Grief.
- 4 While we enjoy this blissful Sight,
Our Souls o'erflow with sweet Delight;
We long to reach th' eternal Shore,
And see this evil World no more.
- 5 O for the Day, that blessed Day
When we shall wing our Souls away!
Then Pain and Sin forever cease,
And Joys eternally increase.
- 6 Did Worldlings know the Joys we feel,
How glorious, how unspeakable,
They would no longer feed with Swine,
On Husks, but thirst for Love divine.
- 7 Sinners!

- 7 Sinners ! who live in Wine and Lust,
And with the Serpent feed on Dust,
Come, taste the Pleasures that excel,
Draw Water from Salvation's Well.
- 8 Saints ! who have tasted of this Peace,
Take more and more with Thankfulness ;
Drink heav'nly Wine, eat heav'nly Food,
And feast till your are full of God.

CXXX.

Dialogue.

- 1 **J**ESU'S risen from the Dead,
We have seen, and now are glad :
*Well you may, since you did view
God alive, who dy'd for you.*
- 2 His redeeming Hands we ey'd,
And beheld his bleeding Side :
*We the Vision late have seen,
Christ the spotless Nazarene.*
- 3 Now Defiance bid to Hell,
All the World of Jesus tell :
*Cease you not to praise his Name,
Gladly we'll adore the same.*
- 4 Jesus, the First, the Midst, the Last,
All the Pow'rs of Hell did blast :

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*Thus our risen God we'll own,
Christ hath sav'd us, Christ alone.*

5 Jesus is the powerful Word,
Subduing all the Foes of God;
*Sin, Death, and Hell, he did dethrone;
Now he wears the conqu'ring Crown.*

6 We, in him, shall Conqu'rors prove;
Yea, and more, thro' dying Love:
*Daily in his Strength we go,
Jesus conquers ev'ry Foe.*

7 Day and Night we upwards move,
Help'd by Grace, refresh'd by Love:
*Jesus kindly helpeth us
Onwards to the Realms of Bliss.*

8 Lo! amidst us now he stands,
View his Side and bleeding Hands:
*Lord Jehovah! great I AM,
We adore thy lovely Name.*

9 Man divine, our Lord and King!
Hymns of Praise to thee we sing:
*Sing, unawed Sons of God,
Hallelujahs to the Lord.*

10 Sing of Peace proclaim'd to us,
Brought by Christ our Righteousness:
*May we sing, and never cease,
Glory to the Prince of Peace!*

11 Hail!

- 11 Hail ! thou ever-blessed Three,
One eternal Deity !
*Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
Sons of Earth, and Hosts of Heav'n.*

CXXXI.

- 1 **D**earest of all the Names above,
My Jesus and my God ;
Who can resist thy heav'nly Love,
Or trifle with thy Blood ?
- 2 'Tis by the Merits of thy Death
Thy Father smiles again ;
'Tis by thy interceding Breath
The Spirit dwells with Man.
- 3 Till God in human Flesh I see,
My Thoughts no Comfort find,
The holy, just, and sacred Three
Are Terrors to my Mind.
- 4 But if *Immanuel's* Face appear,
My Hope, my Joy begins ;
His Name forbids my slavish Fear,
His Grace removes my Sins.
- 5 While *Jews* on their own Law rely,
And *Greeks* of Wisdom boast,
I love th'incarnate Mystery,
And there I fix my Trust.

CXXXII.

- 1 **P**
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CXXXII.

- 1 **P**ilgrims we, and Sojourners,
Thro' th' World are journeying ;
For the Prize in heav'nly Spheres,
Hurry'd not, yet running.
- 2 Men our Way with Wonder see,
Muse on our Behaviour,
Call us Fools and mad, yet we
Only mind our Saviour.
- 3 Sin, and Death, and Law, and Hell,
All conspire against us ;
But we 're sure they can't prevail ;
Thou, dear Lord, sustain't us.
- 4 Some, in Shew of righteous Men,
With the Fiend endeavour
Us to move, but we maintain
Living Faith forever.
- 5 Look to me, *Immanuel* saith,
I will thee deliver ;
Who so looks to me by Faith,
I will be his Saviour.
- 6 Peace on them be multiply'd,
Tho' their Way be thorny,
Who in this Way walk and 'bide,
Who in this Way journey.

7 O most glorious spotless Lamb,
Seek thy wand'ring People ;
Let each bow at thy great Name,
And be thy Disciple !

8 Let them come, and prove with us
All thy Love and Favour ;
Sit down happy by thy Cross,
Praising thee for ever.

CXXXIII.

1 **W**HAT vast Confusion fills my Face,
While I my heinous Sins confess !
Their scarlet Die, their countless Sum,
Confounds my Soul and strikes me dumb.

2 I cannot well relate my Case,
But thou beholdest my Distress ;
Thou seest how low my Soul is bow'd,
And groans for want of thee, my God,

3 How long shall I in Darkness dwell,
And walk so near the Brink of Hell ?
I long, alas ! have deeply felt
This grievous Load of Sin and Guilt.

4 I fall in Silence at thy Feet,
Acknowledging my Sin is great ;
Yet not too great to be forgiv'n,
While Jesus intercedes in Heav'n.

- 5 I cannot help, but cry aloud,
Till I am wash'd with Jesu's Blood;
My lost Estate I must bemoan,
Till I am sav'd by Christ alone.
- 6 Say, Jesus, dost thou love me? say,
Then take, Lord, take my Guilt away,
Send down my Pardon from on High,
Then who shall praise thee more than I?
- 7 Arise, thou Sun of Righteousness,
That I may see thy glorious Face!
On my benighted Spirit shine,
And fill my Soul with Light divine.
- 8 Thy Righteousness in me reveal,
Upon my Heart thy Image seal,
The sweetest Comforts let me prove,
And feel that thou, my Lord, art Love.

CXXXIV.

- 1 JESUS, on thee I cast my Care,
To thee with humble Faith and Pray'r,
To thee I utter my Request,
Now let my Soul in thee find Rest;
O cast a pitying Eye on me,
The Anguish of my Spirit see.
- 2 Come quickly for thy Mercy's sake,
To Heav'n my weary Spirit take:
P Lord,

Lord, how I long to see thy Face !
Eternity's too short to praise :
Thou art my Saviour, and my Friend,
Lord, let my Sorrows have an End.

3 Lord, when wilt thou my Soul receive ?
In Glory when shall I arrive
To see my Jesus Face to Face,
To praise while endless Ages last ?
Thy Love shall be my constant Theme,
Thou didst my ruin'd Soul redeem.

4 Faith is the Anchor of the Soul ;
Tho' Winds blow hard and Billows roll,
In Jesu's Strength I stand secure,
Unto the End I shall endure ;
Jesus is near, I shan't be drown'd,
The Lord will all his Foes confound.

5 From spiteful Foes in Safety keep
Me, blessed Shepherd of thy Sheep ;
Let not the Deluge o'er me spread,
Tho' I from thee, my God, have stray'd ;
Thy Love and Presence, Lord, restore,
And keep me that I fall no more.

CXXXV.

- 1 **D**EAR Lord save me from Waves that
roll,
Afflictions overwhelm my Soul,
In painful Steps I onward tread,
While dismal Waves come o'er my Head.
- 2 My Sorrow 's like the raging Sea,
Waves upon Waves pass over me;
My Lord, my God, hear my Complaint,
My Voice decays, my Spirits faint.
- 3 My Soul sinks down with th' heavy Load,
For I have sinn'd against the Lord;
The scoffing World doth often say,
Christians, where is your God, we pray?
- 4 Lord God of Hosts, of me take Care,
Thou know'st that I'm a Stranger here;
Hide not thy Presence, Lord, from me,
Mercy and Goodness let me see.
- 5 Unto thine Enemies I 'll tell,
'Tis Jesu's Love that saves from Hell;
From all the Threat'nings, Lord, relieve,
And from all Evil me retrieve.
- 6 Wash me, Lord Jesus, in thy Blood,
And seal me with the Sons of God;

O Lord, then let my Building stand
Upon the Rock, not on the Sand.

CXXXVI.

- 1 Sinners! obey the Gospel-Word,
Haste to the Supper of our Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious Day,
All Things are ready, come away.
- 2 Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late returning Son;
Ready the loving Saviour stands
And spreads for you his bleeding Hands.
- 3 Ready the Spirit of his Love,
Just now the stony Heart to move,
T' apply, and witness with the Blood,
And wash and seal you Sons of God.
- 4 Ready for you the Angels wait,
To triumph in your blest Estate,
Tuning their Harps, they long to praise
The Wonders of redeeming Grace.
- 5 Come then, ye Sinners, to your Lord,
To Happiness in Christ restor'd;
His proffer'd Benefits embrace,
The Plenitude of Gospel Grace.

- 1 **A**RISE! my Soul, arise
And view th' Almighty's Throne,
Humble and joyful lift thine Eyes
To Lands of Peace unknown;
- 2 High in eternal Praise,
Clad in a shining Cloud,
Resides the King of endless Days,
The great Creator, God;
- 3 In Light, on either Hand,
The Ranks of Angels shine,
With Censers fill'd with Praise they stand,
In ceaseless Anthems join.
- 4 As when loud Thunders roar,
Their grateful Songs they raise,
And, prostrate all at once, adore,
And feast themselves with Praise.
- 5 Girt with a golden Belt
My dear Redeemer stands,
And stain'd with Blood, for Sinners' spilt,
He spreads his wounded Hands.
- 6 In Beauty, Love and Peace,
He reigns triumphant now;
And pard'ning Pow'r, and saving Grace
Sit glorious on his Brow.

- 7 Nigh at his own right Hand,
In royal State appear
The Prophets, in a sacred Band,
Who snowy Vestments wear.
- 8 The antient Seers, and Scribes,
And ev'ry faithful Priest,
Redeem'd to God, from *Israel's* Tribes,
Their everlasting Rest.
- 9 Mitres of purest Gold
Adorn their sacred Heads;
The Robe of Christ, prepar'd of old,
Is o'er their Spirits spread.
- 10 And there the twelve High-Priests,
Apostles of the Lamb,
Reside with God, for ever blest,
And bear the Saviour's Name.
- 11 These from the World were driv'n,
To tread their Master's Way;
Thro' Clouds and Storms have compass'd
Heav'n,
And gain'd eternal Day.
- 12 There Tribulation's Sons,
After their noble Strife,
Rejoicing, rest on daz'ling Thrones,
And wear the Crown of Life.

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- 13 The Martyrs, red with Blood,
In purple Garments shine,
Deck'd in the Brightness of their God,
And crown'd with Light divine.
- 14 There sits the shining Throng
Of Virgins, dress'd in Love,
Whose Lips repeat a sacred Song,
Transporting all above.
- 15 Dear Jesus, and shall I
E'er in these Courts adore?
But seal me this before I die,
And, Lord, I ask no more.
- 16 Let me assur'dly know
That I shall never fall;
Come Floods of Grief, and Seas of Woe,
I'll gladly swim thro' all.

CXXXVIII.

- 1 **S**inning underneath my Load,
Darkly feeling after thee,
Let me ask, my God, my God,
Why hast thou forsaken me?
Why, O why am I forgot!
Lord, I seek, but find thee not.
- 2 Still I ask, nor yet receive,
Knock at the unopen'd Door;

Still

Still I struggle to believe,
 Hope, tho' urg'd to hope no more,
 Bearing what I cannot bear,
 Yielding, fighting with Despair.

3. Hear in Mercy my Complaint,
 Hear and hasten to my Aid,
 Help, or utterly I faint,
 Fails the Spirit thou hast made ;
 Save me, or my Foe prevails,
 Save me, or thy Promise fails.

4. Struggling in the Fowler's Snare,
 Lo ! I ever look to thee ;
 Tempted more than I can bear——
 No, my Soul, it cannot be ;
 True and faithful is the Word,
 Sure the Coming of thy Lord.

5. Come then, O my Saviour, come,
 God of Truth, no longer stay,
 God of Love, dispel the Gloom,
 Point me out the promis'd Way,
 Let me from the Trial fly,
 Sink into thy Arms and die.

CXXXIX.

1 **L**ORD, we confess our Sins to thee,
In Sin we were conceiv'd and born,
Plung'd in the Depth of Misery;
We never can to thee return,
Till thou our fallen Souls convert,
And give the new believing Heart.

2 O do not thou with-hold thy Grace
From Sinners hungry, mournful, poor;
Who ask thy Love, who seek thy Face,
Who ever knock at Mercy's Door;
At Jesu's Feet who humbly lie,
Resolv'd at Jesu's Feet to die!

3 Yes, Lord, we must believe thee kind,
Thou never can'st unfaithful prove;
Surely we shall thy Mercy find,
Who ask, shall all receive thy Love;
Nor wilt thou it to me deny;
I ask, the Chief of Sinners, I.

CXL.

1 **J**ESUS, Friend of Sinners, hear,
Yet once again I pray,
From my Debt of Sin set clear,
For I have nought to pay:

Speak,

Speak, O speak the kind Release,
A poor and helpless Soul restore:
Love me freely, seal my Peace,
And bid me sin no more.

2 Tho' my Sins as Mountains rise,
And swell and reach to Heav'n,
Mercy is above the Skies,
I may be still forgiv'n:
Infinite my Sins increase,
But greater is thy Mercy's Store:
Love me freely, &c.

3 Sins Decitfulness hath spread
An Hardness o'er my Heart;
But if thou thy Spirit shed,
The stony shall depart:
Shed thy Love, thy Tenderness,
And let me feel the soft'ning Pow'r:
Love me freely, &c.

4 From th' oppressive Power of Sin
My strugg'ling Spirit free,
Perfect Righteousness bring in,
Unspotted Purity:
Speak, and all this War shall cease,
And Sin shall give its Raging o'er:
Love me freely, &c.

5 For this only thing I pray,
And this will I require;
Take the Pow'r of Sin away,
Fill me with chaste Desire;

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faithful,
Let us

Perfect me in Holiness,
Thine Image to my Soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my Peace,
And bid me sin no more.

CXLI.

O Thou Father of Compassions,
O thou God of Mercies, hear,
Send the Spirit of Supplications,
Send the gracious Comforter!
Have Respect to Jesu's Merit,
To thy Church the Gift impart,
Send him now the pleading Spirit,
Pour into thy Peoples Heart.

If we have thro' him found Favour,
If for us he ever prays,
Now, in Honour of our Saviour,
Grant the all-commanding Grace;
Stir us up to Pray'r unceasing,
Let us all the Promise claim,
Wrestle for the mighty Blessing,
For the new myſterious Name.

and our long deſir'd Meſſias,
Us to teach thy perfect Way;
Faithful, fervent, as *Elias*,
Let us in the Spirit pray;

Let the Pow'r to us be giv'n,
 (Weak and helpless as we are)
 Pow'r to shut and open Heav'n,
 All th' Omnipotence of Prayer.

CXLII.

- 1 **S**hepherd divine, our Wants relieve,
 In this our evil Day,
 To all thy tempted Foll'wers give
 The Pow'r to watch and pray.
- 2 Long as our fiery Trials last,
 Long as the Cross we bear,
 O let our Souls on thee be cast
 In never-ceasing Pray'r.
- 3 The Spirit of interceding Grace
 Give us in Faith to claim,
 To wrestle till we see thy Face,
 And know thy hidden Name.
- 5 Till thou the perfect Love impart,
 Till thou thyself bestow,
 Be this the Cry of ev'ry Heart,
 I will not let thee go;
- 6 I will not let thee go, unless
 Thou tell thy Name to me;

With all thy great Salvation blefs,
And make me all like thee.

- 6 Then let me on the Mountain-Top
Behold thine open Face,
While Faith in Sight is swallow'd up,
And Pray'r in endless Praise.

CXLIII.

- 1 **I** Fix my Resolutions now,
I now determin'd am,
Christ crucify'd alone to know,
That dear despised Lamb.
- 2 Let others of Opinions boast,
How orthodox and sound;
Or talk of Names (far better lost)
From whence Disputes abound :
- 3 I will no longer be deceiv'd,
To all I'll stop mine Ears,
But what is of the Lamb believ'd,
His Blood, Death, Wounds and Tears.
- 4 Tell me of this, my Friends, and say
How much of this ye prove;
I'll hearken then thro' all the Day,
I'll join to blefs his Love.

- 5 Disputings do but gender Strife,
And tender Minds pervert;
Destroy Religion's Pow'r and Life,
And cause our Saviour Smart.
- 6 But Jesu's Righteousness and Death,
When that we make our Theme,
Will edify us in the Faith
Of his eternal Name.
- 7 This Deep, this Ocean shall employ
My Thoughts, my Ears, my Tongue,
Till in the Realms of purest Joy
I make it all my Song.
- 8 To know the Saviour more and more,
The Riches of his Blood,
His Death, his Resurrection's Pow'r,
I'll still beseech my God.

CXLIV.

- 1 **V**AIN delusive World, adieu,
With all of Creature-Good,
Only Jesus I pursue,
Who bought me with his Blood;
All my Pleasures I forego,
I trample on thy Wealth and Pride,
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd.

- 2 Other Knowledge I disdain,
'Tis all but Vanity;
Christ the Lamb of God was slain,
He tasted Death for me;
Me to save from endless Woe
The all-atoning Victim dy'd:
Only Jesus, &c.

- 3 Turning to my Rest again,
The Saviour I adore,
He relieves my Grief and Pain,
And bids me weep no more:
Rivers of Salvation flow
From out his Head, his Hands, his Side:
Only Jesus, &c.

- 4 Here will I set up my Rest,
My fluctuating Heart
From the Haven of thy Breast
Shall never more depart.
Whither should a Sinner go?
His Wounds for me stand open wide:
Only Jesus, &c.

- 5 What tho' all I am is Sin,
Sin cannot break my Peace;
Here is Blood to wash me clean
From all Unrighteousness;
This shall make me white as Snow,
On this for all Things I confide:
Only Jesus, &c.

6 What tho' Earth and Hell engage
To shake my Soul with Fear,
Calmly I defy the Rage
Of Persecution near :
Suff'ring Faith shall brighter glow,
As Gold when in the Furnace try'd :
Only Jesus, &c.

7 Him to know is Life and Peace,
And Pleasure without End :
This is all my Happiness,
On Jesus to depend,
Daily in his Grace to grow,
And ever in his Faith abide :
Only Jesus, &c.

8 Him in all my Works I seek,
Who hung upon the Tree ;
Only of his Love I speak
Who freely dy'd for me :
While I sojourn here below,
Of nothing will I think beside ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucify'd.

CXLV.

1 **N**OW I have found the Ground, wherein
Sure my Soul's Anchor, may remain ;
The wounded Jesus, for my Sin,
Before the World's Foundation slain ;
Whose

Whose Mercy shall unshaken stay,
When Heav'n and Earth are fled away.

2 Father, thy everlasting Grace

Our scanty Thoughts surpasses far ;
Thy Heart still melts with Tenderness,
Thy Arms of Love still open are,
Returning Sinners to receive,
That Mercy they may taste and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomless Abyss !

My Sins are swallow'd up in thee ;
Cover'd is my Unrighteousness,
Thy Holy Spirit makes me free,
While Jesu's Blood, thro' Earth and Skies,
Mercy, free boundless Mercy ! cries.

4 With Faith I plunge me in this Sea ;

Here is my Hope, my Joy, my Rest !
Hither, when Hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's Breast :
Away, sad Doubt, and anxious Fear,
Mercy is all that's written there !

5 Tho' Waves and Storms go o'er my Head,

Tho' Strength, and Health, and Friend
be gone,

Tho' Joys be wither'd all, and dead,
Tho' ev'ry Comfort be withdrawn,
Stedfast on this my Soul relies,
Father, thy Mercy never dies.

6 Fix'd on this Ground will I remain,

Tho' my Heart fail and Flesh decay ;

This Anchor shall my Soul sustain,
 When Earth's Foundations melt away :
 Mercy's full Pow'r I then shall prove,
 Lov'd with an everlasting Love.

CXLVI.

- 1 **W**orthy is Christ our paschal Lamb,
 Who bow'd his Head, and bore our
 Shame,
 On God's eternal Throne to reign,
 For he for Man, for me was slain.
- 2 From ev'ry People, Land and Tongue,
 He calls his royal conqu'ring Throng :
 Let all thy Hosts thy Grace confess,
 And sing thee, Lord, our Righteousness.
- 3 We praise thee thou, whose Spirit rests
 On us thy Kings, on us thy Priests ;
 Redeem'd to banquet with our God,
 And bought and ransom'd by his Blood.
- 4 Let ev'ry Spirit now with thee,
 And all on Earth, and all on Sea,
 Thy Wisdom bless, and fill thy Throne
 With Worship, due to thee alone.
- 5 Be Pow'r and Riches ever thine,
 And Strength, and Majesty divine :
 By ev'ry Creature reign ador'd,
 The only everlasting Lord.

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CXLVII.

- 1 **T**HE Kingdom of our Christ is come,
His Pow'r and Strength is known,
Th' Accuser hears his righteous Doom,
Our Saviour casts him down.
- 2 The War is over! Jesus reigns!
Let Heav'n their Lord adore;
The Serpent groans in heavy Chains,
Cast down to rise no more.
- 3 Rejoice, ye Brethren, Sons of God,
Salvation now is come,
The Merits of *Immanuel's* Blood
Strike the Accuser dumb!
- 4 Exalt his everlasting Name,
And worthy Blessing pay,
Aloud in all the Earth proclaim,
He takes our Sins away!
- 5 In his Redemption there is Room
For you, ye Sons of Men;
Believe in Christ, and overcome,
And with your Saviour reign.

CXLVIII.

- 1 **T**EACH me yet more of thy blest Ways,
Thou slaughter'd Lamb of God !
And fix and root me in the Grace
So dearly bought with Blood.
- 2 O tell me often of each Wound,
Of ev'ry Smart and Pain;
And let my Heart with Joy confess,
From hence comes all my Gain.
- 3 Thy loving Heart could never bear
To see me bleeding lie,
To see me fall a Prey to Death;
Thyself wouldst rather die.
- 4 Ingrave this deeply in my Heart,
With an eternal Pen,
That I may, in some small Degree,
Return thy Love again.
- 5 But who can pay that mighty Debt,
Or equal Love like thine ?
Thou wert, when sorely wounded thus,
A Person all divine.
- 6 O rather give me daily more,
More ev'ry Hour to see,
That thou a bounteous Giver art,
I must a Debtor be.

CXLIX.

- 1 **T**HE Earth is the Lord's,
And all it contains;
The Truth of his Words
For ever remains:
The Saints have a Mountain
Of Blessings in him;
His Grace is the Fountain;
His Peace is the Stream.
- 2 To him our Request
We now have made known,
Who sees what is best
For each of his own:
Our Heathenish Care
We cast it aside,
He heareth the Pray'r,
And God shall provide.
- 3 The Modest and Meek
This Earth shall possess;
The Kingdom who seek,
Of Jesus's Grace,
That Pow'r of his Spirit
Shall joyfully own,
And all Things inherit
In Virtue of One.
- 4 Whatever we need
His Bounty shall give,
And

And hallow the Bread
 We daily receive;
 We live by his Blessing,
 (That Bread from above)
 All Fulness possessing
 In Jesus's Love.

CL.

1 **O** Jesus, my Rest,
 How unspeakably blest
 Is the Sinner that comes to be hid in thy Breast!
 I come at thy Call,
 At thy Feet do I fall,
 And believe and confess thee my God and
 my All.

2 Thou art *Mary's* good Part,
 The Thing needful thou art,
 The Desire of my Eyes, and the Joy of my
 Heart;
 My Comfort and Stay,
 My Life and my Way,
 My Crown of Rejoicing in that happy Day.

3 Health, Pardon and Peace,
 In thee I possess;
 I can have nothing more, I will have nothing
 less;
 I stand in thy Might,
 I walk in thy Light,
 And all Heaven I claim in thy God-giving
 Right.

CLI.

1 O God of all Grace,
Thy Goodness we praise;
Thy Son thou hast given to die in our Place.
With Joy we approve
The Design of thy Love;
'Tis a Wonder on Earth, and a Wonder above.

2 Tongue cannot explain
That Love of God-Man,
Which the Angels desire to look into in vain:
It dazzles our Eyes;
Thought cannot arise;
To find out a Cause why the Infinite dies.

3 Or if Pity inclin'd
Him to die for Mankind,
The Ground of his Pity, what Seraph can find?
He came from above,
Our Cause to remove;
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, because he
would love.

4 Love mov'd him to die,
And on this we rely;
He hath lov'd, he hath lov'd us, we cannot tell
But this we can tell, [why.
He hath lov'd us so well,
As to lay down his Life to redeem us from Hell.

5 He

5 He hath ransom'd our Race ;
 O how shall we praise,
 Or worthily sing thy unspeakable Grace !
 Nothing else will we know,
 In our Journey below,
 But singing thy Grace, to thy Paradise go.

6 Nay, when we remove
 To the Mansions above,
 Our Heaven shall still be to sing of thy Love:
 Thrice happy Employ !
 We there shall enjoy
 A Fulness of Pleasure that never can cloy.

7 The heavenly Choir
 With us shall aspire,
 And gladly our loving Redeemer admire :
 Thy Wonders of Grace
 The Angels shall praise,
 Yet ever come short in their loftiest Lays.

8 We all shall commend
 The Love of our Friend,
 For ever beginning what never shall end.
 When Time is no more,
 We still shall adore
 That Ocean of Love without Bottom or Shore.

9 For this do we wait ;
 Come, Lord, and translate
 Our Souls to their perfectly glorious Estate :
 O

O hasten the Day,
He will not delay,
But quickly return, and conduct us away.

10 Ere long we shall fly
To th' Regions on high,
For *Israel's* Strength cannot vary or lie :
He soon shall appear,
He more than draws near :
Our Jesus is come, and Eternity 's here.

CLII.

1 **Y**E virgin Souls! arise,
With all the Dead, awake
Unto Salvation wise,
Oil in your Vessels take :
Upstarting at the Midnight-Cry,
Behold the heav'nly Bridegroom nigh !

2 He comes ! he comes to call
The Nations to his Bar ;
And raise to Glory all
Who fit for Glory are :
Make ready for your full Reward,
Go forth with Joy to meet your Lord :

3 Go meet him in the Sky,
Your everlasting Friend,
Your Head to glorify,
With all his Saints ascend :

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Ye pure in Heart, obtain the Grace
To see without a Vail his Face.

- 4 Ye that have here receiv'd
The Uñction from above,
And in his Spirit liv'd
Obedient to his Love,
Jesus shall claim you for his Bride,
Rejoice with all the Sanctify'd.
- 5 Rejoice in glorious Hope
Of that great Day unknown,
When all shall be caught up
And stand before his Throne ;
Call'd to partake the Marriage-Feast,
And lean on our *Immanuel's* Breast.
- 6 The everlasting Doors
Shall soon the Saints receive,
Above those Angel-Pow'rs,
In glorious Joy to live ;
Far from a World of Grief and Sin,
With God eternally shut in.
- 7 Then let us wait to hear
The Trumpets welcome Sound,
To see our Lord appear,
Watching let us be found ;
When Jesus doth the Heavens bow.
Be found, as Lord, thou find'st us now.

CLIII.

1 **T**O the Haven of thy Breast,
 O Son of Man, I fly,
 Be my Refuge and my Rest,
 For O, the Storm is nigh ;
 Save me from the furious Blast,
 A Covert from the Tempest be,
 Hide me, Jesus, till o'erpast
 The Storm of Sin I fee.

2 Welcome, as the Water-Spring,
 To a dry, barren Place,
 O descend on me and bring
 Thy sweet refreshing Grace !
 O'er a parch'd and weary Land
 As a great Rock extends its Shade,
 Hide me, Saviour, with thy Hand,
 And skreen my naked Head.

3 In the Time of my Distress
 Thou hast my Succour been,
 In my utter Helplessness
 Restraining me from Sin :
 O how swiftly dost thou move
 To save me in the trying Hour !
 Still protect me with thy Love,
 And shield me with thy Pow'r.

- 4 First and last, in me perform
 The Work thou hast begun ;
 Be my Shelter from the Storm,
 My Shadow from the Sun ;
 Sprinkle still the Mercy-Seat,
 And bring thy Father's Anger down ;
 Skreen me, Jesus, from the Heat,
 And Terror of his Frown.
- 5 Let thy Merit as a Cloud,
 Still interpose between,
 Plead th' Atonement of thy Blood
 Till I am cleans'd from Sin :
 Weary, parch'd with Thirst, and faint,
 Till thou th' abiding Spirit breathe,
 Ev'ry Moment, Lord, I want
 The Merit of thy Death.
- 6 Never shall I want it less,
 When thou the Gift hast giv'n,
 Fill'd me with thy Righteousness,
 And seal'd the Heir of Heav'n .
 I shall hang upon my God,
 Till I thy perfect Glory see,
 Till the Sprinkling of thy Blood
 Shall speak me up to thee.

CLIV.

- 1 **O** For an Heart to praise my God,
An Heart from Sin set free,
An Heart that always feels thy Blood
So freely spilt for me!
- 2 An Heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My dear Redeemer's Throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 An humble, lowly, contrite Heart,
Believing, true and clean,
Which neither Life nor Death can part
From him that dwells within.
- 4 Thy tender Heart is still the same,
And melts at human Woe:
Jesus, for thee distress'd I am,
I want thy Love to know.
- 5 My Heart thou know'st can never rest,
Till thou create my Peace,
Till of my *Eden* repossest,
From Self and Sin I cease.
- 6 Fruit of thy gracious Lips, on me
Bestow that Peace unknown,
The hidden Manna, and the Tree
Of Life, and the white Stone.

7 Thy Nature, dearest Lord, impart,
Come quickly from above,
Write thy new Name upon my Heart,
Thy new best Name of Love.

CLV.

1 **O** Come let us join.
Together combine,
To praise our dear Saviour, our Master divine;
Him let us adore,
Who cover'd with Gore,
Late hanged on *Calu'ry*, both wounded and poor.

2 He worthy is blest'd
By Spirits at rest,
Who once in this Desert his Godhead confess'd:
The heavenly Spheres,
Who saw him in Tears,
Yea ev'ry strong Angel his Person reveres.

3 The Prophets who told
His Suff'rings of old,
Sing now sweet Thanksgivings on Psalt'ries of
The Fathers, to whom [Gold:
He shew'd he would come,
Now, in his Pavilion, take up their long Home.

4 The Spirits of Men
Who for him were slain,
From *Abel* the Righteous, share now in his Reign:
Th'

Th' Apostles who stood,
Resisting to Blood,
For Jesus's Gospel, rejoice in their God.

5 The Confessors too,
Them prostrating low,
Cast down their bright Mitres, and thankfully
O Church of the Lamb, [bow:
Here met, do the same,
With Saints and with Angels, bleis Jesus's Name.

6 My Soul, bear a part,
For ransom'd thou art
By Jesu's Blood-sheeding, his Burial and Smart:
To Him that was slain
The scorn'd *Nazarene*!
Be Glory and Honour, let all say Amen.

CLVI.

1 **M**EET and right it is to sing,
At ev'ry Time and Place,
Glory to our heav'nly King,
The God of Truth and Grace:
Join we then with sweet Accord,
All in one Thanksgiving join,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal Praise be thine!

2 The First-born Sons of Light
In choral Symphonies
Praise

Praise by Day (Day without Night !)

And never, never cease :

Angels and Archangels all

Sing the mystic Three-in-One :

Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall

Overwhelm'd before thy Throne.

3 Vying with that happy Choir

Who chant thy Praise above,

We on Eagle's Wings aspire

The Wings of Faith and Love :

Thee they sing with Glory crown'd,

We extol the slaughter'd Lamb ;

Lower if our Voices sound,

Our Subject is the same.

4 Father, God, thy Love we praise,

Which gave thy Son to die ;

Jesus full of Truth and Grace,

Alike we glorify :

Spirit, Comforter divine,

Praise by all to thee be giv'n

Till we in full Chorus join,

And Earth is turn'd to Heav'n.

CVII.

1 **O** For a thousand Tongues to sing

My dear Redeemer's praise,

The Glories of my God and King,

The Triumphs of his Grace !

- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
 Assist me to proclaim,
 To spread, thro' all the Earth abroad,
 The Honours of his Name.
- 3 Jesus, the Name that charms our Fears,
 That bids our Sorrows cease;
 'Tis Music in the Sinner's Ears.
 'Tis Life, and Health, and Peace.
- 4 He breaks the Pow'r of cancell'd Sin,
 He sets the Pris'ners free;
 His Blood can make the foulest clean,
 His Blood aton'd for me.
- 5 He speaks, and list'ning to his Voice,
 New Life the Dead receive,
 The mournful broken Hearts rejoice,
 Desiring Souls believe.
- 6 Look unto him, ye Nations! own
 Your God, ye fallen Race!
 Look, and be sav'd thro' Faith alone,
 And justify'd by Grace.

CLVIII.

- 1 LORD Jesus, when, when shall it be
 That I no more shall turn from thee?
 When will this War of Passions cease,
 And my free Soul enjoy thy Peace?

2 Here

- 2 Here I repent and sin again,
Now I revive and now am slain !
Slain with the same unhappy Dart,
Which, O too often wounds my Heart.
- 3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be
A Garden seal'd to all but Thee ;
No more expos'd, no more undone,
But live and grow to thee alone ?
- 4 Guide thou, O Lord, guide thou my Course,
And draw me on with thy sweet Force,
Still make me walk, still make me tend
By Thee, my Way, to Thee my End.

CLIX.

- 1 **L**ORD, with thy Blood my Spirit sprinkle,
Graciously,
Make thou me
Without Spot or Wrinkle.
- 2 Lord, attend to my Petition !
Hear and grant
What I want,
See my unfeign'd Contrition.
- 3 O I want the Balm of *Gilead* !
Faint and poor,
I implore
With it to be filled.

- 4 Be it to my Heart applied,
Healing Balm,
From the Lamb,
Lately crucified.
- 5 Thee, O Jesus, I, a Sinner,
At thy Feet
Still intreat;
Thou art Faith's Beginner.
- 6 Faith I want on thee, my Saviour,
Firm t' endure,
True and sure,
Till thou me deliver.
- 7 Make me willing, O my Father !
And among
Thy lov'd Throng
Me to Jesus gather.
- 8 Spare me with thy Jewels, spare me,
In thy Son
See and own,
And for Heav'n prepare me.
- 9 Thro' him would I be related
Unto thy
Majesty,
And again created.
- 10 I would be of thee beloved,
Know thy Mind,
Firmly join'd
To thee, nor be moved.
- 11 Here

- 11 Here I have no stedfast Mansion,
O my Lord,
Living Word,
Be my sure Salvation !
- 12 Lift me up from many Waters,
High receive
Me, to live
With th' immortal Creatures.
- 13 There my Wants end thou for ever,
There to see
Christ, and Thee,
Father, me deliver.

CLX.

- 1 **J**ESU, God of my Salvation,
Send the promis'd Help I claim.
Bring me thro' my fore Temptation,
Manifest thy saving Name :
Art thou not the same for ever ?
Do not I on thee depend ?
O continue to deliver,
Save me, save me to the End !
- 2 From thy feeble, helpless Creature
Never, never, Lord depart ;
Shew thyself than *Satan* greater,
Greater than my evil Heart :
If the Fiend must vex me longer,
Buffet still my trembling Soul,

Jesus,

Jesus, shew thyself the stronger,
Keep me till thou mak'st me whole.

- 2 Let me, while my Faith is trying,
Rest in thy atoning Blood,
Always bear about the dying
Of my dear redeeming God:
Till I all thy Life inherit,
Let me in thy Wounds abide,
Shelter there my weary Spirit,
Save me, who for me hast dy'd.

CLXI.

- 1 **W**HAT is this World to me?
This World is not my Home;
A World of Pain, of Grief and Woe;
When will my Saviour come!

- 2 Come, O my Saviour dear,
And chear my fainting Soul!
Appear, my gracious Lord, appear,
And make the Sinner whole.

- 3 Give me, O Lord, to prove
Thy pard'ning Love so sweet,
That I may ever lay my Soul
At my dear Saviour's Feet.

- 4 Give me thy lowly Mind,
Thy love to me impart,
And grant that I may ever find
The Saviour in my Heart.

- 5 My Master, Jesus Christ,
O seal my Heart to thee,
And when my Soul is call'd away,
Lord, let it happy be !
- 6 With all the holy Saints,
And in the Virgin-Throng,
Let me attend thy Throne, and sing
The new eternal Song.

CLXII.

1 **D**isturb'd and distress'd
I languish and pine,
I never shall rest
Till Jesus is mine :
His Wounds are so healing,
A Med'cine for Sin ;
I long for a Feeling
Of his Blood within.

2 When will the Storm cease ?
When shall I possess
The Blessing of Peace
In his Righteousness ?
Receive the Salvation
Which he doth impart,
And have a Sensation
Of God in my Heart ?

3 If I obtain Grace,
Then who can be lost ?

The worst of the Race
 In Jesus may trust ;
 Let perishing Sinners
 Believe in his Name,
 And they shall be Winners
 Of Jesus the Lamb.

4 No matter how vile
 Before you have been,
 He can reconcile
 And make your Hearts clean :
 A close Application
 Of his precious Blood,
 Procures your Salvation
 And Pardon with God.

5 The Gospel reports
 A total Reprieve
 From Sins of all Sorts
 For all who believe ;
 Their Guilt and Pollution
 The Son doth remove,
 They sink in the Ocean
 Of infinite Love,

6 Come, laden with Sin,
 Apply unto God,
 And plunge yourselves in
 The Sea of his Blood :
 The Publican, Harlot,
 The Drunkard and Knave,
 Whose Sins are as Scarlet,
 Forgiveness may have.

7 The vilest of Men
 He freely receives,
 His Blood makes them clean,
 Their Sins he forgives:
 Come then, ye Deriders
 Of God and his Word,
 Return, ye Backsliders,
 Return to the Lord.

CLXIII.

1 **A**LL ye that pass by,
 To Jesus draw nigh,
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
 Our Ransom and Peace,
 Our Surety he is;
 Come see if there ever was Sorrow like his.

2 For what we have done
 His Blood did atone,
 The Father hath punish'd for us his dear Son:
 The Lord, in the Day
 Of his Anger, did lay
 Our Sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.

3 He answer'd for all
 Who come at his Call,
 And low at his Cross, with Astonishment fall;
 But lift up your Eyes
 At Jesus's Cries,
 Impassive he suffers, immortal he dies.

4 For

4 For you and for me
 He pray'd on the Tree,
 The Pray'r is accepted, the Sinner is free :
 The Sinner am I,
 Who on Jesus rely,
 And come for the Pardon God cannot deny.

5 My Pardon I claim,
 For a Sinner I am,
 A Sinner believing in Jesus's Name ;
 He purchas'd the Grace
 Which now I embrace,
 O Father, thou know'st he hath dy'd in my Place.

6 His Death is my Plea,
 My Advocate see,
 And hear the Blood speak that hath answer'd
 Acquitted I was, [for me :
 When he bled on the Cross.
 And by losing his Life he hath carry'd my Cause.

CLXIV.

1 JESUS, who dy'd the World to save,
 Revives, and rises from the Grave,
 By his Almighty Pow'r ;
 From Sin, and Death, and Hell set free
 He captive leads Captivity,
 And lives to die no more.

His Angel rolls away the Stone,
And sits in shining Robes thereon,
Diffusing heav'nly Rays;
The Keepers prostrate lie thro' Fear,
They shake, they fall, they cannot bear
The Glory of his Face.

3 The Lord, who spoke the World from nought,
Hath for poor Sinners dearly bought
Salvation by his Blood:
Lo! how he bursts the Bonds of Death;
And re-assumes his vital Breath,
To make our Title good.

4 O may we all from Sin awake,
In Paradise our Places take,
Near our exalted Head!
May all our Souls to Heav'n aspire,
In Thought, in Will, in strong Desire,
To carnal Pleasures dead.

5 Children of God, look up and see
Your Saviour cloath'd with Majesty,
Triumphant o'er the Tomb;
Give o'er your Griefs, cast off your Fears,
In Heav'n your Mansion he prepares,
And soon will take you Home.

6 Why do our Hearts so cleave to Earth,
Unmindful of our heav'nly Birth,
In love with earthly Toys?

When

When shall we drop this Load of Clay,
Forake the Earth and wing our Way
To never-ceasing Joys ?

7 Altho' our Lord is honour'd thus,
Yet still his Thoughts are fix'd on us,
His own peculiar Race ;
He hears our Pray'rs, our Groans and Sighs,
And fills our Hearts with fresh Supplies
Of unexhausted Grace.

8 His Church is still his Joy and Crown,
He looks with Love and Pity down
On her he did redeem ;
He tastes her Joys, he feels her Woes,
And prays, that she may spoil her Foes,
And ever reign with him.

CLXV.

1 **O** How flow my Minutes slide,
When my Lord his Face doth hide !
When will Jesus hear my Cry,
And bring all his Glory nigh ?

2 O when shall my Soul have Place
In the Bosom of thy Grace !
Holy Jesus, on thy Breast
Let a weary Sinner rest.

3 While

- 3 While I wander up and down,
In this barren World unknown,
Guide and keep me by thy Care,
And my Seat in Heav'n prepare.
- 4 When in Death I close my Eyes,
Toward thee my Spirit flies:
If the Lord hath purchas'd me,
Second Death I shall not see.
- 5 Saviour, see me full of Fear,
Now in my Defence appear;
Sin and Sorrow, Lord, dispel,
Save me from the Brink of Hell.
- 6 Wilt thou never on me smile?
If thou savest one so vile,
Who, like me, shall sing thy Praise?
Who shall so admire thy Grace?
- 7 When I join the heav'nly Throng,
Jesu's Love shall be my Song;
I will tell of Mercies past,
While eternal Ages last.

CLXVI.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Redeemer of Mankind,
Soy'reign Creator, Lord of all;
Since I in thee Salvation find,
Before thy Cross I humbly fall!
My Lord, my Love, my Soul's Desire,
With sacred Flames my Heart inspire.

2 How

2 How couldst thou love such Worms as we?

Why didst thou look upon our Race?

Why didst thou die upon the Tree?

What caus'd all this but sov'reign Grace?

Did not thy Bowels freely move?

Lord, thou art nothing else but Love!

3 Thou, Lord, hast burst the Gates of Hell,

And set the captive Sinners free;

Thine Enemies before thee fell,

And thou hast gain'd the Victory;

At God's right Hand thou sittest down

Triumphant on thy Father's Throne.

4 Now let thy Pity thee constrain,

Freely pardon all our Sin,

Spare us from our Hearts again,

And let thine Image in us shine;

Lift up the Brightness of thy Face,

And save us only by thy Grace.

5 Be thou our Strength, be thou our Song,

Thou our exceeding great Reward;

Let ev'ry Heart, and ev'ry Tongue,

Rejoice and triumph in the Lord:

Jesu, our Boast shall be of thee,

In Time and to Eternity.

CLXVII.

- 1 **D**EATH is a Cure for ev'ry Ill,
A Balm for ev'ry Wound:
How safe, how undisturb'd and still
Men rest beneath the Ground !
- 2 When shall I lay my weary Head
In Silence in the Grave,
And sleep secure among the Dead,
And no more Sorrows have ?
- 3 O what a Pleasure 'tis to die !
How sweet to yield our Breath !
Life is a mortal Malady,
Whose only Cure is Death.
- 4 Yet make me willing, Lord, to stay
Till thou dost call me hence,
Then chearfully thy Voice obey
And put off Flesh and Sense.
- 5 How am I straitned betwixt two !
I know not which to chuse ;
Dear Saviour, teach me which to do,
Teach me which to refuse.

CLXVIII.

1 **S**EE, my Soul, thy Saviour dying
On the Tree,
To save thee,
On his Cross relying !

2 How does he in Torture languish !
There he hangs,
Full of Pangs,
To relieve thy Anguish.

3 Was my Lord so lately Bleeding ?
He sits down
On a Throne
Ever interceding.

4 He makes ceaseless Supplication
For his Race,
For more Grace,
Pardon and Salvation.

5 When thou art in Thirst or Hunger,
Christ is Food ;
Drink his Blood,
Drink, and thirst no longer.

6 When

6 When thou art in Want or Danger,
 Don't repine,
 Christ is thine;
 He lay in a Manger.

7 Art thou try'd with fierce Temptation?
 Scorn to fear,
 Christ is near,
 He is thy Salvation.

8 Art thou sunk in Fear and Doubting?
 By each Shake
 Thou shalt take
 Deeper, deeper Rooting.

CLXIX.

1 **S**oldiers, hear the Trumpet sounding!
 Men of War,
 Now prepare,
 In Christ Strength abounding.

2 See your Captain just before ye,
 Boldly fight
 In his Might,
 Win a Crown of Glory.

2 Gird the Gospel-Truths around ye,
 Keep them close,
 Then your Foes
 Never shall confound ye.

3 Jesu's

- 4 Jesu's Righteousness imputed,
And imprest
On your Breast,
Is a Robe well suited.
- 5 Take the Gospel-Preparation ;
Walk in Peace,
Never cease
From pure Conversation.
- 6 Trust in Jesu's Blood and Merit,
Keep his Word,
Take the Sword
Of his Holy Spirit.
- 7 Take the Helmet of Salvation ;
Baffle Snares,
Cast off Fears,
Fight thro' Tribulation.
- 8 Boldly run thro' Fire and Water ;
Conqu'ring go,
All o'erthrow,
Satan's Legions scatter.
- 9 Burst the Bars of Hell asunder :
Flesh and Blood
Be subdu'd,
Then tread Devils under.
- 10 Fight in Faith, still waxing stronger,
Win the Day,
Force your Way,
Till you more than conquer.

CLX.

- 1 **L**AMB of God, for Sinners slain,
To thee I feebly pray,
Heal me of my Grief and Pain,
O take my Sins away ;
From this Bondage, Lord, release,
No longer let me be oppress'd :
Jesu, Master, seal my Peace,
And take me to thy Breast.
- 2 Hast thou not invited all
Who grone beneath their Sin ?
Weary I obey the Call,
And come to be made clean ;
Give my burden'd Conscience Ease ;
O grant me now the Promis'd Rest :
Jesus, Master, &c.
- 3 Wilt thou cast a Sinner out
Who humbly comes to thee ?
No, my God, I cannot doubt
Thy Mercy is for me ;
Let me then obtain the Grace,
And be of Paradise posses'd :
Jesus, Master, &c.
- 4 Worldly Good I do not want,
Be that to others giv'n,
Only for thy Love I pant,
My All in Earth and Heav'n ;

This

This the Crown I fain would seize,
The Good wherewith I would be blest :

Jesus, Master, &c.

- 5 This Delight I fain would prove,
And then resign my Breath,
Join the happy Few, whose Love
Was mightier than Death;
Let it not my Lord displease,
That I would die to be thy Guest;
Jesus, Master, seal my Peace,
And take me to thy Breast.

CLXI.

- 1 **R**ansom'd Captives, gladly raise
Ceaseless Hymns of Joy and Praise,
Wafted on the Wings of Love,
Join the heav'nly Choirs above.
- 2 Praise the Lamb who lately bled,
View him cloath'd in Robes of red;
See how fresh his Wounds appear,
Now he brings Forgiveness near.
- 3 Jesu's Grace is free for all,
Who obey the Spirit's Call;
Jesus washes in his Blood
All who feel the Want of God.
- 4 We in Sin so lately dead,
Now arise with Christ our Head:
We in heav'nly Places sit,
All our Crowns lie at his Feet.

- 5 Now we lie, we live anew,
 Fill'd with Peace and Comfort too ;
 Ever crying, in our Pray'r,
 Lord, how slow thy Chariots are !
- 6 Servants of the Lord be bold,
 Jesus will his Cause uphold:
 We had sold ourselves for nought,
 Jesu's Blood lost Souls hath bought.
- 7 Tho' the Devil rage and roar,
 He shall never triumph more ;
 See his Kingdom falling down,
 While King Jesus wears the Crown.
- 8 Christ will ne'er divorce his Bride,
 Hell can't rend her from his Side ;
 Fortify'd in his dear Arms,
 She defies th' Devil's Alarms.

CLXII.

- 1 **H**OW slow am I to serve the Lord !
 How backward to obey his Word !
 He graciously points out my Way,
 Yet I perversly run astray.
- 2 This evil Heart of Unbelief
 Occasions all my Sin and Grief ;
 This wicked Self-deceiving Heart
 From God constrains me to depart.

- 3 A Mixture in myself I feel
Of what my Tongue can scarcely tell;
Fear of Reproach, and Lust of Praise
Distract my Heart a thousand Ways.
- 4 My Spirit labours to obey,
My Flesh is weak and answers nay:
Sometimes I labour to comply,
Sometimes I from thy Precepts fly.
- 5 Thou, Lord, art greater than my Heart;
When wilt thou make my Sins depart?
When shall I feel thee always near,
And serve thee without slavish Fear?

CLXIII.

- 1 **H**OW happy thy Disciples were,
Jesu, when thou didst once appear
To them upon the Road?
With how much Pleasure and Delight
They came to *Emmaus* that Night,
And freely talk'd with God!
- 2 Now, Lord, be with us on our Way,
Unveil thy Face, thine Arm display,
Thy Glory let us prove;
Do thou, dear Saviour, with us walk,
That, while with thee we sweetly talk,
Our Hearts may burn with Love.

- 3 Let no vain Words our Tongues defile,
But cleanse our Hearts and Lips from Guile,
Let Strife and Envy cease :
Salvation is by Christ alone ;
In all our Hearts erect thy Throne,
Thou bleeding Prince of Peace.
- 4 O leave us not in Nature's Night,
O never vanish from our Sight ;
Thy Absence, Lord, is Hell !
We dread the Terrors of thy Frown,
O send a Word of Comfort down,
And Grace for Grace reveal.
- 5 May we in Faith still journey on,
Till we arrive where Christ is gone,
And see his Face in Heav'n :
Lord, when we all in Glory meet,
In what sweet Comfort shall we sit
And sing of Sins forgiv'n !

CLXIV.

- 1 **W**E magnify thy Grace, O Lord,
How plenteously hast thou prepar'd
A Supper for thy Saints !
All Things are ready, thou hast said ;
A Table thou hast richly spread
To answer all our Wants.

2 Now,

- 2 Now, Lord, allure my Soul to thee,
O kindly bid me come, and see,
And taste how good thou art!
Knock with the Hammer of thy Word,
Knock by thy pow'rful Spirit, Lord;
Lord break into my Heart.
- 3 Darknes and Unbelief remove,
And ravish all my Soul with Love,
Cast out the Pow'r of Sin;
Jesu, attend my feeble Pray'r,
And for thyself my Heart prepare,
Come in, my Lord, come in.
- 4 Lord, do not for my Sin depart,
But force thy Way into my Heart,
Open the Door that 's shut:
No Goodness wilt thou find in me,
Lord, bring thy Dainties all with thee,
And eat thy pleasant Fruit.
- 5 Long have I fed on Husks with Swine,
Now feast my Soul with Love divine,
Fill me with strong Delight;
The choicest of thy Gifts impart,
Stir up the Graces of my Heart,
And sup with me this Night.
- 6 Let Comfort, Love, and Joy, and Peace,
Like Rivers flow, and still increase,
Unto the Ocean driv'n:
Lord, condescend to sup with me,
And grant I now may sup with thee,
And sup at last in Heav'n.

CLXV.

- 1 **B**lessed be God who lets us see
Each other in Prosperity,
And makes our Hearts rejoice :
Now, Lord, let Flames of sacred Love
In ev'ry Bosom freely move
And tune our chearful Voice.
- 2 What Hell-deserving Worms are we !
Dear Saviour, to thy Wounds we flee
To hide our Sin and Shame :
Worthy art thou of all our Praise,
Jesus, how wond'rous is thy Grace,
How excellent thy Name !
- 3 Strong in the Faith, Lord, let us stand,
Join Heart with Heart, and Hand in Hand,
To propagate thy Cause ;
Provoke to Love and Holiness,
And walk in Unity and Peace,
Obedient to thy Laws.
- 4 Let us walk friendly in the Way,
And never from each other stray,
Nor from our Saviour rove ;
To each indissolubly join'd,
And having in us Jesu's Mind,
Increase in Faith and Love.

5 Let Anger ever cease from us,
 May we live nearer Jesu's Cross,
 And in his Footsteps tread;
 From Grace to Grace may we go on,
 And trample Sin and Satan down,
 And conquer in our Head.

6 May Christ be one with us, and we
 Be one with him eternally,
 Whom Heav'n and Earth adore :
 Lord, let our Union here be sweet,
 And grant that all at last may meet
 In Heav'n to part no more.

CLXVI.

1 **G**Racious Lord, incline thine Ear,
 My Complaint vouchsafe to hear;
 Faint and sick of Love am I,
 Give me Christ or else I die.

2 Nothing else do I require,
 Only Jesus I desire :
 Hear my never-ceasing Cry,
 Give me, &c.

3 Wealth and Honour I disdain,
 Earthly Comforts all are vain;
 These can never satisfy,
 Give me, &c.

4 Lord,

- 4 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only ease me of my Guilt ;
Suppliant at thy Feet I lie,
Give me, &c.
- 5 All unholy, all unclean,
I am nothing else but Sin ;
On thy Mercy I rely,
Give me, &c.
- 6 Thou dost freely save the Lost,
Only in thy Grace I trust ;
With my earnest Suit comply,
Give me, &c.
- 7 O my Lord, what shall I say ?
Take, O take my Sins away !
Jesu's Blood to me apply,
Give me, &c.
- 8 Thou hast promis'd to forgive
All who in thy Son believe ;
On thy Promise I rely,
Give me, &c.
- 9 Father, dost thou seem to frown ?
I take Shelter in thy Son :
Jesus, to thy Arms I fly,
Save me, Lord, or else I die.

CLXVII.]

- 1 **C**OME, happy Souls, approach your God
With new melodious Songs;
Come, tender to almighty Grace
The Tributes of your Tongues.
- 2 So strange, so boundless was the Love
That pity'd dying Men,
The Father sent his equal Son
To give them Life again.
- 3 Thy Hands, dear Jesus, were not arm'd
With a revenging Rod,
No hard Commission to perform,
The Vengeance of a God.
- 4 But all was Mercy, all was mild,
And Wrath forsook the Throne,
When Christ on the kind Errand came,
And brought Salvation down.
- 5 Here, Sinners, you may heal your Wounds,
And wipe your Sorrows dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's Name,
And you shall never die.
- 6 See, dearest Lord, our willing Souls
Accept thine offer'd Grace:
We blest the great Redeemer's Love,
And give the Father Praise.

CLXVIII.

CLXVIII.

- 1 **L**ORD, what a Heav'n of saving Grace
Shines thro' the Beauties of thy Face,
And lights our Passions to a Flame !
Lord, how we love thy charming Name !
- 2 When I can say, my God is mine,
When I can feel thy Glories shine,
I tread the World beneath my Feet,
And all the Earth calls good or great.
- 3 While such a Scene of sacred Joys
Our raptur'd Eyes and Souls employs,
Here we could sit and gaze away
A long, an everlasting Day.
- 4 Well, we shall quickly pass the Night,
To the fair Coasts of perfect Light ;
Then shall our joyful Senses rove
O'er the dear Object of our Love.
- 5 There shall we drink full Draughts of Bliss,
And pluck new Life from heav'nly Trees ;
Yet, now and then, dear Lord bestow
A Drop of Heav'n on us below.
- 6 Send Comforts down from thy right Hand,
While we pass thro' this barren Land,
And

And in thy Temple let us see
A Glimpse of Love, a Glimpse of Thee.

CLXIX.

1 **W**ITH Joy we meditate the Grace
Of our High-Priest above :
His Heart is made of Tenderness,
His Bowels melt with Love.

2 Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame ;
He knows what sore Temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 But spotless, innocent and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fi'ry Darts he bore,
And did resist to Blood.

4 He in the Days of feeble Flesh
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
And in his Measure feels afresh
What ev'ry Member bears.

5 He 'll never quench the smoking Flax,
But raise it to a Flame ;
The bruised Reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest Name.

- 6 Then let our humble Faith address
His Mercy and his Pow'r ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring Grace
In the distressing Hour.

CLXX.

- 1 **C**OME let us join our chearful Songs
With Angels round the Throne ;
Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,
But all their Joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd ! they cry'd,
To be exalted thus ;
Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r divine ;
And Blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole Creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

CLXXI.

CLXXI.

1 **M**Y Soul, come view the upper Worlds,
Why seek ye Peace below?
This World's a Snare of Grief and Fear,
A Scene of solid Woe.

2 Why doth thou seek Good-Will of Men?
Fools say, There is no God;
They crucify the Lord the Lamb,
And trample on his Blood.

3 But, O my Soul, look up again,
A better Sight 's in View,
Behold the Lord, that once was slain,
He lives that dy'd for you;

4 He sits upon a Throne of Love,
And pleads his 'toning Blood,
For those who to his Spirit yield,
And thirst to know the Lord.

5 The seven Spirits of his Love
He freely gives to Men,
To show its from our Saviour's Love,
Sinners are born again.

6 Our Jesus hath the living Book,
All Pow'r to him is giv'n;
And Righteousness for us he took,
And purchas'd Thrones in Heav'n.

- 7 This loving Kindness of the Lord
From us he ne'er will take;
He 'll keep us thro' his mighty Word,
And for his own Name's sake.
- 8 Dear Lord, then let me join that Host
That now surround thy Throne,
Ten thousand thousands are their Joys,
But Thanks and Praise is one.
- 9 O strike your Hearts, ye Host of Heav'n,
We wait to join the Choir;
All Glory, Pow'r to God be giv'n;
Each Moment brings us nigher.

CLXXII.

- 1 **O**UR Saviour, Lord Jehovah,
Thou art the Light of Love,
Thou, our Lord of endless Glory,
Surmounting all above:
Lord, thou took our Flesh and Blood,
That thou might lead us home to God:
Christ all glorious, loves victorious,
Tho' by Hell withstood.
- 2 It was Love brought from above
The Lord to die for Men;
Love that brought thee from the Grave
Triumphantly again:

Tis

'Tis Love that sets thee on thy Throne
To intercede for us with God:
Christ all glorious, reigns victorious,
Tho' by Hell withstood.

3 Was there ever so dear a Loyer
As our Lord the Lamb?
O no, never was there ever
So true and divine a Flame:
That Flame that burns on Jesu's Blood
Praises the almighty Love of God:
Christ all glorious loves victorious,
By Death and Hell withstood.

4 Love is stronger, abideth longer
Than Death's tyrannic Pow'r;
Sons of God shall always find it
In their most trying Hour:
When this Seal is on their Heart,
That Soul shall ne'er depart from God:
Grief surround it, Floods can't drown it,
Tho' by Hell withstood.

5 Shall the Gates of Hell prevail,
Tho' all its Legions rise,
Or the Tongues of Christless Men,
Whose Mouths are fill'd with Lies?
No: the Works of Truth shall stand;
The Word made Flesh, the Lamb of God:
Christ all glorious, o'er Hell victorious,
Tho' by Men withstood.

CLXXIII.

At Dismission.

NO farther go to-night, but stay,
Dear Saviour, till the Break of Day;
Turn in, dear Lord, with me:
And in the Morning, when I wake,
Me in thine Arms, my Jesus, take,
And I'll go on with thee.

CLXXIV.

Another.

I Will lay me down to sleep,
And safely take my Rest,
Me commend to Jesu's Grace,
And as upon his Breast.
So if Jesus please I'll sleep,
While Troops of Angels are my Guard:
O my Shepherd, love and keep,
And be my great Reward.

CLXXV.

Gloria Patri.

FAther, Son and Holy Ghost,
 One God whom we adore,
 Join we, with the heav'nly Host,
 To praise thee evermore.
 Live by Heav'n and Earth ador'd,
 Three in One, and One in 'Three:
 Holy, holy, holy Lord,
 All Glory be to thee.

CLXXVI.

Another.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Be Praise amidst the heav'nly Host,
 And in the Church below;
 From whom all Creatures drew their Breath,
 By whom Redemption blest the Earth,
 From whom all Comforts flow.

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